THE DRAFT SHOULD GO JOHNM. SWOMLEY, JR.

THE NATION

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The Panthers' White Conference

ROBERT A. JONES

CROSSROADS OF AFRICA

ETHIOPIA'S UNKNOWN WAR JACK KRAMER

AFTER TOM MBOYA STANLEY MEISLER

Campus Witch Hunt

THE COLLEGES PLAY BALL FRANK J. DONNER

Florence Howe on Doris Lessing

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LETTERS

for scenarios

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: I found the article by Yorick Blumenthal, "Scenario Society" [*The Nation*, June 23] superficial in the extreme. While it is possible and necessary to deplore the silliness and ill effects of Pentagon scenarios, this hardly makes a convincing case for doing away with them in general.

Scenarios are nothing new, for military purposes or any other. If one substitutes "plans" for "scenarios," very little is lost. . . . Now, plans may "profane the imagination," but they may also help people deal with the future. For instance, a *good* scenario (a realistic one) may help a person anticipate the consequences of his own actions; I wish the United States Government would try to do more of that. . . .

Ronald Westrum

offshore rights

Joplin, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: I notice in your editorial "PR Diplomacy" [June 16] a reference to Ecuador's insistence on a 200-mile territorial limit offshore. During World War II Roosevelt pressured Peru and Ecuador to establish this 200-mile jurisdiction. So Peru and Ecuador are at present within their rights to act on it, and the United States is simply wrong.

W. A. Seiler

masculinists

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In my review, "Women's Liberation" [*The Nation*, June 16], I described The New Masculinist, a category developed by Caroline Bird, and included David Riesman as an example. In fact, there is no evidence in Mrs. Bird's *Born Female* that Professor Riesman endorses the view of The New Masculinists. She reported only that he has "stated the prevailing view."

Nancy Reeves

he has his own

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: The author of "yet another of those liner notes that blindly and uncomprehendingly repeat the composer's opaque farrago of pseudo-musical pseudo-science" [*The Nation*, June 9] would like to ask if David Hamilton inherited the typewriter as well as the staff position of Benjamin Boretz.

Harry Neville

crossed wires

Akron, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: In the June 30 issue of *The Nation*, Arthur E. Rowse ["The 'Failing' Newspaper Probe: The Press Dummies Up"] includes Knight newspapers as one of the "chief backers" of the "Newspaper Preservation Act." Mr. Rowse is in error. At no time have we participated, either publicly or privately, in behalf of this legislation.

John S. Knight, Editorial Chairman
Knight Newspapers, Inc.

Mr. Rowse informs us that he based his statement on the testimony of Morris J. Levin, an attorney and chief lobbyist for the bill, who said he was speaking "on behalf of all the publishers who are engaged in joint newspaper operations."

The Editors

EDITORIALS

Mr. Nixon's Journeys

The British would call him a "tripper." He has always been more interested in foreign affairs than in the domestic problems of the Executive, and no one will begrudge him the opportunity, if he feels it will give him fresh insights or a broader perspective, to acquaint himself personally with the views of his opposite numbers in other countries. With modern means of travel he can cover a great deal of territory in relatively little time and, once started, he might as well continue around the world as retrace his route. But it does seem that this President has spent a rather disproportionate part of his first six months on the move, or in dealing with foreign affairs while at home. And, so far, there is not much to show for it all.

Mr. Nixon's most urgent problem is, of course, Vietnam. Related to Vietnam but on a larger scale, is American policy toward the countries of Asia generally, and particularly those that are in substance military and diplomatic allies of the United States. It is difficult to see how the current trip has clarified either situation; if anything, they are more muddled than before.

As to Vietnam, Mr. Nixon is caught between popular opposition to the war at home and the reluctance of his military commanders to abate the fighting. His distress is compounded by a desire to conclude an "honorable" peace, i.e., one that will not grossly compromise American status as a great power (by definition undefeatable) nor damage his Administration irreparably in domestic politics. In trying to end the war on these difficult terms Mr. Nixon seems to be trying to placate both the hawks and the doves, with the predictable result that he satisfies neither. Somewhat the same mechanism seems to be operating in the area of general Asian policy. The contradictions are swathed in vague language compounded of a desire to keep the local dignitaries happy and dissatisfied parties off the Presidential back—at least for now.

Thus, starting on his journey to apprise his hosts that the United States did not intend to move masses of infantry into Asian countries threatened by subversion, in Bangkok Mr. Nixon attempted to allay Thai fears with the statement that the United States "will stand proudly with Thailand against those who might threaten it from abroad or from within." "Stand," of course, might mean anything; still, the statement, while perhaps reassuring to the Thai satraps, is at variance with a statement Mr. Nixon made four days earlier on Guam, where he seemed to promise a reduction of American involvement in Asian defense. The difference is that any such reduction is poison in Thailand (among the governing elite at least), while from Guam it is relayed home, where it may boost Mr. Nixon's rating in the popularity polls.

Badgered by the newsmen, the unhappy White House press secretary, Ronald L. Ziegler, insisted that Mr. Nixon's remarks in Bangkok were "totally consistent" with what he had said on Guam. Later Mr. Ziegler produced a written statement which Mr. Nixon, or someone in his

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entourage, had prepared on the flight from Jakarta to Bangkok. "Our determination to honor our commitments," Mr. Nixon wrote, "is fully consistent with our conviction that the nations of Asia can and must increasingly shoulder the responsibility for achieving peace and progress in the area." But when he was accepting the keys to the city he stood "proudly" against those who might threaten Thailand from abroad or from within.

From Bangkok Mr. Nixon flew to Saigon. Although he had seen President Nguyen Van Thieu in June, apparently it was necessary to reassure him. Whatever the reason for this side trip, the opportunities for additional mischief seem greater than those for clarification. In fact, when one reviews Mr. Nixon's foreign policy record to date, does this judgment not seem to apply generally?

The Kennedy Ordeal

If a ruthless political enemy of Edward Kennedy had seized the opportunity placed in his hands to destroy the Senator's career, we might have witnessed some such scenario as that which followed the accident of July 18 on Chappaquiddick Island. We make no such assumption, of course, but the fact is that, following the accidental drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne, the long sequence of actions and omissions by the Senator and his family, friends, advisers, lawyers and even the court and the press, have struck a dismaying blow to his heretofore promising political future. Nearly everyone involved seems to have cooperated to escalate a tragic accident into a full-scale disaster. Disclosures have been made to seem sinister, silences to seem guilty, and the rash, impulsive, understandably ill-considered acts of the central figure have been made to appear as disingenuous attempts to conceal, deceive, or mislead.

We sympathize deeply with the Kopechne family; we sympathize also with the Senator and his family who, counting the cost of a moment's inattention at an unmarked bridge, must be finding it unbelievably high. Condolences are also in order for the millions of disaffected Democrats, young and not so young, who have been looking to Mr. Kennedy to lead them through convention and election in 1972. Predictably, the Democrats of Massachusetts have rallied to support of one of their own. But in the rest of the country it is another matter; it is doubtful that the Kennedy name, for some time to come, will have its former appeal. Honest disbelief, jealousy and resentment, and the persuasion that the terrible jam he is now in must be largely of the Senator's own making, have been getting in their work.

The events preceding and following the death of Miss Kopechne, even the time and exact manner of her death, have not been ascertained and made known. Many questions which should have been answered as a matter of course in circumstances such as these have not even been asked. It is understandable, perhaps, that local authorities would hesitate to question aggressively a Senator of their state or his associates. It is much less understandable that the press would not do so, yet at

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this writing they have not. But it is beyond belief entirely why answers—complete and satisfactory ones—to the obvious questions in this case have not been forthcoming voluntarily from those who participated in the events. A few of the unresolved matters:

(*1*) The car turned sharply off the macadam road leading to the ferry dock, onto a narrow dirt road, and proceeded to the bridge more than half a mile away. One may imagine a number of innocent or understandable reasons why Senator Kennedy made this detour, and doubtless the real cause is among them. But it could not have been a mistake: nobody in condition to drive a car could confuse a dirt road with a macadam one. Why did not the Senator, in all candor, explain this diversion? Was he advised not to do so, and by whom? The worst possible construction is being put on his lack of frankness here, as was inevitable.

(*2*) The car, a late model Oldsmobile with a curb height overall of about 4½ feet, was lying on its crushed-in top and the wheels were out of water at low tide. High tide at Edgartown that night came at 3:54 A.M., and its rise and fall is only 2 feet. The accident, if it occurred around 11:30 P.M., came at about two hours after low tide, and therefore there could not have been much more than 4½ feet of water, and perhaps less, at the point where the car lay. The bottom is presumably sandy, since the entire island is made of sand. Senator Kennedy gives credit to Messrs. Markham and Gargan for having "dived" at "risk to their lives" in an attempt to reach Miss Kopechne. It would be more appropriate to refer to wading and stooping. And in water where a person could easily stand, it would appear that the only life that was in hazard was that of the girl trapped in the car. Mr. Kennedy's graciousness seems ill bestowed, and one wonders if he was reminded later, when his shock had worn off, of the great risks taken by his associates.

(*3*) There is no disputing, however, the serious risk run by a man who, having undergone a severe trauma, a blow on the head, intense physical effort, and with his back in a brace, plunges in the dark into a tidal channel and swims unaided 150 yards to the other side. His chances of making it would have been nil had the current, which in Edgartown runs fast, not been at its slack stage around 1:48 A.M. One wonders why his friends, who had so recently been "risking their lives" in a venture so much less hazardous, did not restrain him and insist he take one of the available boats. Why, indeed, did they allow him to go off alone into the night?

(*4*) The most crucial question of all is why the police were not informed, either immediately or within the hour. Had this been done, there is some indication that the girl might have been saved with the equipment and manpower which could have been brought up; medical opinion is said to estimate the time of death around 3 A.M., and persons have been known to stay alive for hours in sunken automobiles. Mr. Kennedy, understandably and by his own admission, was in a state of shock and confusion, and cannot be wholly blamed for this failure—which he himself called "indefensible." How defensible, then, is the inaction of two men, in full possession of the facts, not in any state of shock, trained in the law and politically astute? The legal technicality trotted out to explain the failure to do this obvious, necessary and vital act is that a lawyer in Massachusetts cannot take action without the consent of his client. This seems monstrous. A life was at stake. Kennedy was not a client to these men. He was their friend. They proved no friends to him.

Senator Kennedy has been tragically ill-served. His televised statement to the people of Massachusetts, presumably largely the creation of the high-caliber advisers who came and went in Hyannis through the week following the accident, was perhaps sufficient to enlist the voters of his state to his support. But it was woefully inadequate to the needs either of justice on Martha's Vineyard, or to the demands which this country makes of a potential President. He will know this soon enough.

He cannot initiate another statement, of course, but some things could be done. Markham and Gargan could be sharply interrogated by authority empowered to demand answers, instead of the insolence meted out to the press. District Attorney Dinis' call for an inquest is a constructive step. And Senator Kennedy could make use of the press to let the whole story be known. That is easily arranged, and until it is done the Kennedy haters will continue to have a field day, and the future of a young man who has already proved himself a valuable legislator and whose prospects were exceedingly bright will continue to dwindle away.

The *Times* Does It Again

The story is of major spread and significance. It starts on page one of the July 29 *New York Times* and runs over into a full page and nearly two columns. The reporter is Walter Rugaber. The subject is testing of new drugs for harmful side effects and collection of blood plasma. It therefore concerns everyone who takes medication—that is to say, the great majority of Americans. In some cases, it would seem that the fewer prescription drugs one takes, the better off one might be.

Asked about precautions in testing new drugs, the average well-informed layman would reply that the manufacturer first tests it on animals, then, with due caution and every possible control, on healthy human beings, and that the Food and Drug Administration supervises the procedure in detail and will not allow the drug to be marketed until it is completely satisfied that it is safe and that such side effects as may be encountered will be publicized within the medical profession. Many physicians are probably under the same impression. This description does not fit the facts, and what is most astonishing and dismaying is that it took our foremost newspaper—but still a newspaper—to ferret out the truth, while the medical press seems to have been oblivious to it.

The facts are that the testing, on behalf of some of the most important pharmaceutical houses, has largely been done on prison inmates by an Oklahoma-born physician,

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Dr. Austin R. Stough, who started this work after a brief career as a general practitioner and without formal training in pharmacology. Further, Mr. Rugaber adduces evidence to the effect that the prisoners who were used as test subjects were under only cursory conrtol, and had incentives not to report adverse effects in that their supplementary income depended on their continuing to receive the drugs. Some are said to have failed to swallow the pills, some failed to report illness resulting from the pills they did swallow, and stringent laboratory checks were lacking. All this, according to the *Times*, was known to the manufacturers and to agencies within the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, but because of bureaucratic lethargy, loopholes in the law and eagerness on the part of the manufacturers to get their product onto the market, no significant corrective action was taken.

None of the states in which Dr. Stough operated (Alabama, Arkansas and Oklahoma) was satisfied with his operations and these were eventually halted in all three. Moreover, serious hepatitis epidemics occurred in some cases where Stough technicians collected blood plasma from prison inmates. Many of those who participated in Dr. Stough's experiments have sickened and some have died. But the drug houses continued to employ his organization. Some officials of these houses were disturbed by what they saw, but one of the largest, Cutting Laboratories, continued to pay Stough hundreds of thousands of dollars because of his "contacts" and because it was through him that permission could be obtained from prison officials to operate the program. He is even now seeking prison connections in new areas.

On the day after the *Times* published the Stough material, and quoting liberally from it, Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D.,Wis.) said that he would propose legislation to take the responsibility for testing new drugs away from the manufacturers and place it with the Food and Drug Administration. There a testing center would be set up, to which all pharmaceutical companies would submit new drugs on a fee basis. Senator Nelson also announced that the monopoly subcommittee of the Senate Small Business Committee, of which he is chairman, would began investigating Dr. Stough's activities.

The *Times* is to be congratulated for its enterprise, and the public can be grateful that, at least on this occasion, a newspaper has exposed a shocking and dangerous situation which government authorities and the medical profession should have acted on long since.

But the Problem Remains

After a tumultuous session, the Organization of American States succeeded in establishing peace of a sort between Honduras and El Salvador. Subjected to protracted arm twisting, El Salvador informed OAS that it would withdraw occupation forces from Honduras. The announcement by Dr. Francisco José Guerrero, the Salvadoran foreign minister, was greeted with cheers and applause by the assembled foreign ministers. It remains to be seen whether a durable peace has been achieved. El Salvador insists on security guarantees for its 300,000 nationals who live in Honduras, and it may withdraw its troops only slowly and reluctantly while this question remains in abeyance.

What underlies the two-week war between these two small countries is the poverty and social injustices that plague all of Latin America. The war may have a useful side effect in calling attention to a situation that is certain to result in further outbursts, very likely on a larger scale. Honduras has about four times the land area of El Salvador and a low population density—about twenty-three inhabitants per square kilometer. In El Salvador the population density is the highest in Central America—158 per square kilometer. Consequently some 300,000 Salvadoran peasants migrated to Honduras; this, rather than a riot at a soccer game, precipitated the war.

But even this disparity does not get to the bottom of the conflict. In both Honduras and El Salvador land tenure is on a feudal basis, with 1 or 2 per cent of the farms covering half of the arable acreage. In Honduras the United Fruit Company is one of the large land owners; in both countries wealthy families, allied with the military, are the government. And in both cases American military missions cultivate good relations with the local militarists, lest communism gain a foothold.

Faced with the threat of severe economic sanctions, El Salvador yielded. But as long as Latin American countries are ruled by feudal oligarchies liberally supplied with American arms, peace will exist in name only.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will not appear on the following dates: August 4, August 18.

Law and Conscience

When sincere moral conviction stands in defiance of the law, the conscience of a democracy is placed on its mettle. It is a sound argument that private principle may not be allowed to override public laws; and indeed those who break the law in the name of a higher compulsion do not often seek to evade the legal consequences.

But when a man stands convicted for acting as his conscience commanded, the law seems blind and unresponsive if it treats him as a common criminal. That, one presumes, was the belief that guided District Judge Carl Muecke when he recently sentenced an Arizona State University draft evader in the federal court at Phoenix. Instead of sending Rodney Bias to jail, Judge Muecke placed him on probation for three years, provided that he work during that period for the government, a nonprofit organization or a charitable institution. Thus the sanctity of the law is upheld, the power of conscience is recognized and a young man of character is sent off to useful work instead of to degenerating confinement.

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PANTHERS' WHITE CONFERENCE

ROBERT A. JONES
Mr. Jones is on the editorial staff of the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

We must make a distinction between the enemy and ourselves. We must not treat our comrades as we would the enemy. We must not adopt an antagonistic stand, and there must be no ridiculing.

—Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

And when those dirty racist provocateurs tried to interrupt our meetings, we took care of them, didn't we? Right on.

—Bobby Seale, congratulating Black Panther officials after the Conference for a United Front Against Fascism, Oakland, Calif., July 1969.

The people Bobby Seale referred to as "dirty racist provocateurs" were a few white radicals who had, on the opening night of the Panthers' conference, attempted to shout down one of the Panthers' speakers. Failing in that, they walked out, and having walked out, they were barred from the conference. The next day they returned to pass out leaflets condemning the conference. A Black Panther guard grabbed the leaflets; a student grabbed them back. The Panther swung and the student went down, the leaflets fluttering in the air.

A tight circle formed around the two, and for a moment the Panther and the white student looked silently at each other as if they were puzzled. Then the student stood, gathered the scattered leaflets, and left.

"You are witnessing," someone said to his friend, "the reason why the Left will always lose to the Right. It's easier to punch a kid than a cop because the cop has a gun. If the Left has no internal differences it will create them and call a conference to settle them, all to delay facing the cop. You know what we're gonna do at this conference? We're gonna spend three days telling ourselves we're united, and then go out and fight about it."

The genesis of the First Conference for a United Front Against Fascism in America began, according to Seale, almost a year ago when the Panthers and the Peace and Freedom Party, for different reasons, saw the need for support from other militant groups. The Peace and Freedom Party had all but withered after the elections in the Fall of 1968. The Panthers, depending on your interpretation, were about to have the best of years or the worst of years. Huey Newton, the Panther co-founder, would be jailed for two to fifteen years for manslaughter; Eldridge Cleaver, perhaps its best-known leader, would flee the country; two more Panthers would be assassinated in a Los Angeles power struggle with another black militant group; still more would be arrested in New York, some accused of the murder of a fellow Panther, others for an alleged plot to blow up several Manhattan department stores and the Penn Central-New Haven mainline tracks that pass through Harlem. Increasingly, wherever there was racial trouble the Panthers would be charged and a few carted off to jail. In June, with the McClellan investigations well under way, Attorney General John Mitchell gave up all pretense of specific cause and began raiding Panther offices across the nation.

Sometime during the year, according to Seale, plans began to formulate for a mass meeting of "all proletarian type organizations." Lasting a week, it was to construct a single organization from the mass of farm workers, laborers, students and minorities.

Although the Panthers had, in the past, formed alliances with predominately white groups, as in the Peace and Freedom Party coalition in 1968, this was the first time they took the initiative. The pre-conference literature was hopefully and carefully worded to avoid hints of racial bias. The accompanying pictures repeated the symbol of oppression common to all groups: a policeman with a menacing club or gun. As James S. Kunen, recent college graduate, hitchhiker and nationally syndicated columnist has put it, "Everybody I know has been hit by a cop."

The conference began in the moderate splendor of a summer night in the Oakland flatland. The smog wafted softly in the trees. On the lawn in front of the Oakland Auditorium the young, and many not young, gathered in what looked like a huge picnic. Although the police had several carloads of men ready blocks away, they were well out of sight and would remain so throughout the weekend (except that, some time between 8 A.M. and 10 A.M. on Saturday, every parked car for blocks around the auditorium was ticketed for violation of the one-hour parking limit). On Friday evening the air was warm and relaxed. When the doors opened almost two hours behind schedule, the 4,000 or so white students, blacks, Chicanos, Indians, Japanese, laborers and farm workers lined up, were frisked at the door, and the conference started. If for nothing but its composition, the meeting was remarkable.

But, as one local priest lamented on the last day, the heterogeneity of the participants was much more theoretical than real. In fact, at least 85 per cent, and perhaps 90 per cent, of the crowd was white, and almost all of these were students. Of the remaining few per cent, almost all were black.

There were other reasons for apprehension on the first night. Despite repeated denials of racism and separatism, the Panthers sat in a closed semicircle of seats in the rear of the auditorium. Usually their section was silent and staring. A Panther leader passed by,

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glanced at the faces and smiled: "Don't look so evil, brothers."

Even among the huge body of militant whites there was a mosaic of loyalties, shaky coalitions and open competition. As the evening began a young man gathered names for a petition. After one signature he asked the signer:

"You in any organization?"

"Peace and Freedom Party since October 1967. I helped found it."

"Yippee."

"Yeah, yippee. I guess you're Progressive Labor."

"That's right."

"Shit."

"Yeah, shit."

Understanding the gamble that was inherent in such an organizational collection, Seale used his keynote address to focus the conference away from rivalry and onto its principal villain: the police and what Seale identified as "the two chief weapons of fascism—demagogy and terror."

> You must understand the two faces of fascism in America today. On one hand you see some lying politician like Mussolini Mafioso Alioto [Joseph Alioto, Mayor of San Francisco] saying that what he wants is academic freedom in San Francisco, and on the other hand you see that same man on the same day sending his personal storm troopers, the tactical squad, out to San Francisco State to bust heads and kick asses of anyone and everyone willing to tell the truth.
>
> Fascism means the brutalizing terror that the state uses against the people to enforce their enslavement. We will not sit around and wait to fight fascism just because 6 million people are not in concentration camps—yet.

Seale had struck both the tone and the content of the weekend. In the three days more than fifty speakers would repeat what he had said. The prescribed categories for the sessions, Women vs. Fascism, Workers vs. Fascism, Students vs. Fascism, and Religion vs. Fascism, would be largely ignored. Arriving late on Saturday night, I asked another reporter what I had missed. "Were you here last night?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "Then don't worry about it."

There were a few exceptions. In the three days no one caught the mood of the audience as well as a stocky Southern boy who had moved to Chicago, lived for years in its northside ghetto, and eventually formed the Young Patriots, a white copy of the Panthers. "When I go up before that McClellan committee," he said, and his voice tapered in a practical drawl, "I'm gonna bite off that old man's head and spit it in Tricky Dick's eye." The crowd went wild.

But as speeches followed one after another, an uneasiness settled on the conference. The organizational meetings that were to form the structure for the Front were not taking place. On Saturday night the SDS caucus was called and called off three times. The few meetings that did take place accomplished little. Mrs. Margaret Wright, a high school teacher from Los Angeles, described the closed caucus of the conference women: "The woman who was leading it got up and said 'Now ain't this great; all these white radical women together in one room.' Well, I stood up and said, 'Well, there were a *few* blacks here,' and walked out. Hell, it wasn't nothing anyway; a bunch of females going off to a corner for some intellectual masturbation. Going off to some room to talk about revolution. Shit. Wasn't one in the bunch willing to face down the men, to tell them we want power or we're getting out."

Mrs. Wright leveled her eyes over the crowd at De Fremery Park (renamed by the Panthers Bobby Hutton Memorial Park) where the afternoon session was holding forth. A dozen microphones carried the speeches for blocks into the surrounding Oakland ghetto. "I'm going back to Los Angeles," she said. "Look out there. Here we are, in the middle of a black city, and how many blacks do you see? See those old folks on the porch? You know why they don't come over to the park? Cause they think we're a bunch of nuts, that's why. A handful of blacks fooling around all day with thousands of white college kids, talking about socialism and capitalism. Shit."

Seale, who seemed to understand the dangers of cornucopia rhetoric better than any other leader at the conference, struggled to give structure to the Front at the last meeting. Producing maps and charts, he outlined a petition campaign for the decentralization of police into neighborhood districts, with each district controlled by the neighborhood. The campaign, he said, would eventually be run by fifty or so chapters of the United Front Against Fascism throughout the country. In addition to the decentralization campaign, the Front's main task would be the release of political prisoners, support for Panther lawyer Charles Garry's legal seminars for attorneys defending political prisoners, and pressure tactics on local politicians.

But the last meeting was still 85 per cent white, and Seale had lost the enthusiasm of his audience. For three days the Panthers had supplied speakers who stoked the fires of revolution, and now they were offering a program that was reformist at best and smelled faintly of liberalism. A steady stream of people began to ooze out the back door. "We've been used," muttered a girl to her boy friend. "No," he answered. "You're just mad because we didn't use him."

Not only did the students believe that the Panthers' program was far too moderate; they felt that it was a Panther program and nothing more. "*Most* political prisoners are Panthers, *most* decentralization programs will be in black ghettos, and *most* political pressure is obviously intended for black ghetto problems," said William Shire, a Berkeley graduate student.

The high enthusiasm of the opening session died slowly in the three days. By the time the program had ended, the auditorium was half empty. And when the conference finally closed, a loud staccato chant of "Power to the People" shook the building—but it came from the rear of the auditorium, from the tight semicircle of Panthers, and from almost nowhere else.

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CROSSROADS OF AFRICA

1. Ethiopia's Unknown War

JACK KRAMER

Mr. Kramer, who graduated from Leland Stanford in 1965, has worked on the Southern Courier, *the civil rights newspaper circulated in Alabama and Mississippi, and for a group of provincial newspapers in England. He has been to Vietnam twice as a journalist, in addition to the recent trip to Ethiopia. Mr. Kramer is enrolled next fall as an International Fellow at the Columbia School of Journalism.*

Henry Kissinger stood by the White House gate early last month, explaining American deaths in Vietnam to a group of pacifists. As Dr. Kissinger spoke, His Royal Highness Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, strode by, flanked by a squad of armed Marines.

The coincidence was chilling. Infrequent but highly reliable reports coming from the Horn of Africa indicate the barely suspected but perfectly real possibility that Dr. Kissinger may some day be explaining to a group of pacifists American deaths in Ethiopia—while many more than a squad of Marines protect His Royal Highness, and at a point considerably distant from the White House gate.

Just before he left Washington, the Emperor spoke with President Nixon about "the Biafran conflict in Nigeria." There was no report that they discussed a more germane issue: the Eritrean conflict in Ethiopia.

The war in Ethiopia goes largely unreported. In a full-page article anticipating the Emperor's visit, the July 14 *Newsweek* gave only one sentence to "the serious revolt in former Italian Eritrea." (The rebels refuse to be called Ethiopians, insisting on identification as "Eritreans.") Engaging the Addis regime daily, the regular forces of the insurgency fluctuate between 10,000 and 30,000 men, and by now are in virtual control of the countryside in an area of northern Ethiopia that includes all of the empire's seacoast. Moreover, the guerrillas are organized into a uniformed, disciplined "Liberation Army," the military arm of a disciplined, Chinese-supported, "Liberation Front." The soldiers of the Front are armed with modern Kalatchnikov automatic assault rifles, Czech Stens and Chinese rockets and mortars.

The United States, in turn, is giving the imperial regime more economic aid, and more military aid than it extends to any other African country. U.S. "advisers" are involved. American spokesmen have admitted that as early as 1965 a U.S. helicopter, manned by U.S. Army pilots, was brought down while flying reconnaissance against the guerrillas.

There are activists within the Front, particularly senior activists of the exile organization in Syria, who tend to play down its leftist politics, and even entertain a notion of American neutrality. But a considerably more radical attitude holds among the young cadres in the field. They believe the United States is using Ethiopia as a client state, through which America can dominate the Organization for African Unity (its headquarters are in Addis Ababa) and all of Africa.

The conflict derives in large part from social unrest mounting throughout the empire, even among Haile Selassie's own ruling Amhara tribe. The little Emperor, who from the rest of the world elicits reflexive clichés about game courage and true nobility, looks at home like one more American-sponsored generalissimo.

But the war in the north has deeper roots, going back to the defeat of the Italians after World War II. Eritrea —the northern and Red Sea coastal areas of what is now called Ethiopia—had been an Italian colony since the 19th century, whereas inland Ethiopia (Abyssinia) was an Italian colony for only five years. The emperors of inland Ethiopia historically coveted Eritrea's Red Sea ports, but were never able, totally, to conquer them. After the defeat of the Italians, the big powers and the UN gave Ethiopia what she had never been able to win by force of arms.

Eritrea, over the protests of its 40 per cent Muslim population, and of many Eritrean Coptic Christians, who comprise another 40 per cent of the population (20 per cent of Eritreans are standardly reckoned as "animists"), was "federated" with Christian-ruled Ethiopia. In 1962, the pretense of federation was dropped and Eritrea was made an imperial colony. The Coptic governor had fled and is now the Vice President of the Front. Intensive Ethiopian repression followed: the virtual liquidation of the Eritrean civil service, which was taken over by Amharas; the imposition of a foreign language (Amharic) as the exclusive state language; criminal penalties for publishing in natively spoken Arabic, Tigré or Tigrinya; tight secret police surveillance; mass arrests; in the countryside a campaign of official terror which has now led to "fortified hamlets"; the euphemism for detention camps originally coined by the Americans in Vietnam. By now the bulk of the Coptic population in Eritrea has followed the example of its former head of state, and supports the Muslim-led Front either overtly or covertly. Young Coptic "freedom fighters" are trained along with their Muslim compatriots and other Africans —by the Chinese on the Tanzanian island of Pemba, and by Arab officers in Iraq and Syria.

The Front is not free of its own problems; indeed, the war might have escalated to Vietnamese proportions already were it not for them. Largely, they are the difficulties of most revolutionary movements in Africa—tribalism and religion. Though joined by their Coptic compatriots in the struggle against the empire, the Muslim Eritreans have been reluctant to cede any power to them. In the words of one Copt, a young revolutionary of con-

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siderable dedication, and probity, "Muslims have difficulty separating religion and politics." Two years ago, the political commissar of the largest of the five revolutionary districts, a Copt, defected to the Addis regime.

Still, the revolution builds apace, impelled by the force of a fundamentally revolutionary situation: an unresponsive, oppressive ruling regime, propped by foreign support, against a popular guerrilla movement. Osman Saleh Sabbe, the Front's secretary general, a Muslim, speaks without rancor of the defecting Coptic commissar; indeed, almost apologizes for the condtions that led to his defection. Such an attitude would seem to indicate that the Eritrean revolution is well beyond the stage where the immediate enemy is what Latin revolutionaries call the *vendido* brother. Energies are directed at the larger enemy. The Italian weekly *L'Europeo* earlier this year described Asmara, Eritrea's capital, as "surrounded" by besieging guerrillas.

Asmara, as if its situation weren't perilous enough, is also the site of a major U.S. national security agency monitoring base, the full function of which is classified. The State Department nevertheless manages to deny that the war is even happening—"anymore." Late last year, the U.S. consul at Asmara told me the same story one hears from the Addis regime—the only trouble now is with the *shiftas* (bandits); the revolution is dead. When I asked about a young European journalist who had been with the guerrillas several years before, the consul told me it could never be done again, that any guerrillas operating in Eritrea would be detected and apprehended almost immediately; and if a white man were with them, they would be caught even sooner.

In fact, I had just come from twenty-five days with the guerrillas. Nor was the effort anywhere near as suicidal as he indicated it should have been. Ethiopian security, so far from detecting our group immediately, never detected us at all during an overland march from the Sudan border in the sparsely populated west to Keren and Asmara in the much more heavily populated east.

The Ethiopian war is not altogether unreported. In addition to the article in *L'Europeo,* mentioned above, François Debré reported in *Le Monde* last May that the Eritrean Liberation Front had the major part of the Ethiopian Army—two divisions—pinned down. But noting the territory's isolation and its barbaric customs, he acknowledged that there might be some confusion between *shiftas* and guerrillas.

It is true that the customs of the area are barbaric. The tribes of the territory are those whose bridegrooms Sir Richard Burton described as presenting their prospective brides with gifts of human gonads; they were notorious for castrating Italian soldiers.

However, it is impossible to confuse guerrillas with *shiftas*. Burton's tribesmen are still as fierce (at least to look at)as ever, in flowing burnooses, with wild heads of hair, staves, knives and sabers. But when a young man enters the Liberation Army, he is transformed utterly. His head is shaved, his robes discarded, and he puts on a standard uniform. Moreover, there is no question of

Cover from propaganda leaflet distributed in Ethiopia by Eritrean Liberation Front. The style suggests a Chinese source.

shifta activity in the areas the Front controls. Our group, always small and armed only with World War I Enfields (the Kalatchnikovs being reserved for assault troops), with only one camel that we rotated among us, might easily have been overcome. Yet we were not only unmolested by any of the tribes during our twenty-five days across Eritrea but welcomed, fed and entertained by them. Except for the few days we spent with various large concentrations of troops during periods of battle, we were literally dependent for our survival on the tribes we met, and they never failed us.

More than a refutation of the *shifta* myth, their behavior is a measure of popular strength. And the strength is growing. In Addis, on the other hand, even Amharic students are rebelling; arrests and riots are frequent. There has been liaison with the Eritrean insurgents.

The Eritrean Liberation Front is developing with the Third World movement generally. In late March, an Ethiopian Airlines (read Pan American) Boeing 707 parked at the airport in Frankfurt exploded into a worthless heap. It was the work of Eritrean "fedayeen," who did their job more cleanly (no lives lost), and more efficiently than the Arab "fedayeen" who trained them. Recently, at Karachi airport, they struck again.

The West may overestimate the cultural weaknesses

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which inhibit this fury. Africa, and the Arab world particularly, are seen as hamstrung by primitive and inefficient habits. Until recently, for example, the Sudan, ostensibly "Arab Socialist," was severely restricted in its foreign and domestic policy by a vicious war to subdue the Christian and pagan tribes of the south. The Khartoum government, ridden by corruption, had a *modus vivendi* with Haile Selassie whereby each agreed to do nothing to disturb the other's oppressive wars. That meant, in effect, no Cambodia-like sanctuary for the Eritrean Liberation Front. On May 25, a leftist coup took Khartoum, determined to settle differences in the south, and the Ethiopian *modus vivendi* has already begun to fall apart.

2. After Tom Mboya

STANLEY MEISLER
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Nairobi, Kenya

The aftermath of the murder of Tom Mboya has mocked what he stood for. Mboya, who seemed to represent all that was modern in Africa to the rest of the world, always shunned the appeals to tribal allegiance that have crumbled political stability elsewhere in Africa. His constituents were mainly the urban workers groping for a modern way of life. Yet his assassination on the first Saturday in July unleashed intense tribal hatreds. Kenya faces a long and dangerous period of instability unless the government can somehow placate his grieving Luo people.

Mboya was shot and killed in downtown Nairobi on a street crowded with shoppers trying to make their last purchases before stores closed for the weekend. Two weeks later, police charged a young African with the murder. They released no details about him but his name, but that was enough to confirm all the suspicions that had been excited by tribal passions. The name, Nahashon Isaac Njenga Njoroge, identifies the accused as a member of the dominant Kikuyu tribe, the people of President Jomo Kenyatta. Without a shred of evidence, most Luos, whether educated townspeople or illiterate peasants, had decided from the beginning that the killer must be Kikuyu. Now they had proof.

The Kikuyus are the largest tribe in Kenya—perhaps 2 million of the country's 10 million people. Aggressive, better educated than other tribes, solidly behind the government, the Kikuyus have dominated independent Kenya, holding the presidency, several key ministries, and a disproportionate share of top civil service positions. The Luos, the second largest tribe with 1.3 million, have never gained their share of the fruits of independence. Their political divisions have hurt them. A large number accepted the leadership of Mboya and supported the government. He was a founder and the general secretary of the ruling party, the Kenya African National Union (KANU), and the minister of economic planning and development in Kenyatta's cabinet. But many Luos, perhaps the majority, followed the tribal call of Oginga Odinga, a Luo chief who was a long-time enemy of Tom Mboya and the leader of the opposition Kenya People's Union (KPU)

As soon as news of the assassination reached them, the division was healed. Most Luos blamed KANU, Kenyatta and the Kikuyus, and reasoned that if Kenyatta's KANU did Mboya in, they all must support the other party, Odinga's KPU. "Tom, why did you join with them?" they shouted in Luo as the funeral procession brought Mboya's body back to Luo land. "When things get worse," a mourner chanted at the graveside, "there is only one man who can save us. That is Jaramogi [Odinga's Luo title]. Where is he? I am looking for him in the crowd." Ironically, Mboya's old political enemy, Odinga, became the hero of the Luos mourning for Mboya. Tribal hatred had melted political alignments.

On July 8, jeering, mostly Luo crowds in Nairobi hurled stones and shoes at the long Mercedes of Kenyatta as it took him to a requiem mass for Mboya in the Roman Catholic cathedral. The crowds chanted the Swahili word, *dume,* and stabbed their right thumbs upward in the air. Both *dume*—the Swahili word for bull—and the upward thumb thrust are symbols of Odinga's KPU. The jeering and the stone throwing frightened and enraged the police, who began swinging their axe handles at the crowd and firing tear gas. The outburst set off three hours of rioting, which damaged scores of cars and killed two persons, including a young German, stoned as he drove home from work.

It was a sad and singular day for Kenyatta, the *mzee* or old man of Kenya politics. Never before had Africans jeered him publicly. The old African nationalist, now almost 80, had long been looked on as the father of the young country. But blinded by hatred and anguish, many Luos now saw him more as the leader of his Kikuyus than of his country. Tribal feelings were even more raw in the Luo areas of western Kenya. When word of the killing spread, Luos hunted for Kikuyus in their midst. One was beaten to death, and the government had to evacuate

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all the Kikuyus from the rural areas of the Luo people.

The anti-Kikuyu feeling was intense at the burial of Mboya in his traditional family homestead on Rusinga Island in Lake Victoria. "War. War," Luos shouted. "War with the Kikuyus." A self-proclaimed witch doctor chanted, "May the wombs of all Kikuyu women dry up." Another mourner shouted, "Where is Jomo Kenyatta? If he were here, even if he were guarded by 100,000 soldiers, I would kill him." Every non-Luo member of the cabinet stayed away from Rusinga Island.

Mboya, who was 38 when he died, had made many enemies during a political career that began when he became a labor union leader in 1953. Other African politicians resented his popularity abroad. Jealous and annoyed, they felt the rest of the world saw him as the magazine cover boy of Africa. In addition, Mboya had an arrogant manner that lost him political friends. He was cold, tough and superior, and that frightened or angered many of his colleagues.

Odinga, resentful that this young Luo had not stepped aside for him, always tried to thwart the ambitions of Mboya. Before independence, Odinga helped revive the popularity of Kenyatta to frustrate any hopes Mboya might have had to take control of the country. The young Kikuyu politicians also sided very quickly against Mboya, even though they all belonged to the same party. They were jealous of him, for he had won renown in the Mau Mau years when the British had banned all political activity by the Kikuyus. They believed that the place held by Mboya rightly belonged to them.

As long ago as 1962, Mboya told me: "There is no doubt that the young Kikuyu intellectuals are against me. I am aware of this. It is nothing new. The problem is that there is no second man to Kenyatta whom they see as the leader of the Kikuyus. I represent a threat to them."

But at the time of his death, Mboya's chance of succeeding Kenyatta as President seemed slight. His path was blocked by an alliance between these same young Kikuyu politicians and Vice President Daniel arap Moi, a member of the small Kalenjin tribe. Few outsiders, however, were ready to count Mboya out completely. He had a way of outsmarting hostile alliances.

Since the assassination, Nairobi has been inflamed with rumors about the identity of the plotters, since few believe that Njoroge acted on his own. The rumor mongers have little evidence to back up their accusations, but some facts should emerge when the trial of Njoroge begins. Whatever its outcome, however, Kenyatta's government must deal with the tribal hatreds unleashed by the killing. As the Rt. Rev. Maurice Otunga, an Abaluya tribesman who is the Catholic bishop in the Luo area, put it, "*Mzee* now has to show that his government is not a Kikuyu government." But the government's response to the threat of tribal conflict was at first hesitant and vague. Eleven days passed before President Kenyatta made a radio appeal to the nation for "unity, love and peace." Meanwhile, Vice President Moi had hinted, in an unclear and stumbling way, that the government would try to prove that Communists were behind the murder. Mboya's death then could be laid to outside Reds rather than inside Kikuyus. Luos, however, would have had difficulty believing the theory.

Later, the government began to move more decisively. On July 24, Kenyatta appointed Joseph Odero-Jowi, a Luo and close friend of Mboya, to succeed Mboya as minister of economic planning and development. A second Luo was named to take Odero-Jowi's place as minister representing Kenya on the East African Community. Kenyatta picked still a third Luo as assistant minister for foreign affairs. To soothe Luo feelings, however, the government must also start appointing more Luos to posts in the civil service.

Tribal conflict is not the only legacy of Mboya's assassination. His murder destroyed the touchstone of Kenya's politics. For years, its politicians had one main issue on which to align themselves: they either sided with Mboya or ganged up against him. With Mboya dead, a new politics will have to develop; the murder has crumpled all the old assumptions.

Kenya also will feel the loss of Mboya's technical and organizational skills, rare in a developing country. An American adviser to the Kenya Government once said that Mboya was the only minister in Kenya who had the ability to fill a cabinet post in Washington. He had the hardest job in the Kenya cabinet, running the ministry that coordinates all of Kenya's foreign assistance and tries to

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insure that its economic growth remains orderly and constant.

Perhaps more significant, Mboya was always called upon by fellow cabinet members, even those who disliked him, to push unpopular legislation through parliament, to defend them against embarrassing attacks, and to organize their election campaigns. The government may founder without him.

Finally, Mboya was an irreplaceable salesman for Kenya. In his many trips abroad, he always seemed to make his audience feel that he was one of them. Despite all the depressing news about Africa, he somehow managed to inspire confidence in the continent. His death shatters that image. Kenya, with an economy dependent on tourism and foreign investment, will surely suffer. And so will Africa.

WHY THE DRAFT SHOULD GO

JOHN M. SWOMLEY, JR.
Mr. Swomley, former director of the National Council Against Conscription, is the author of The Military Establishment *(Beacon Press) and of* Religion, the State and the Schools *(Pegasus).*

The United States has had military conscription for almost thirty years, and few Americans now remember how little influence the armed forces had in the nation's life when the draft was first adopted in 1940. Conscription and the increase of military influence have gone hand in hand, so that for many Americans military values and compulsory military duty have come to be a part of the culture.

The reluctance to abandon conscription is today evident chiefly in liberal circles where largely new arguments are being used. These imply that conscription is needed to foster anti-war values, to encourage a limited war strategy instead of nuclear war, to keep the Army from becoming all black and thus forcing Negroes to bear the brunt. An examination of these and similar arguments is essential if they are not to become part of the popular wisdom.

One major argument for the draft is stated simply: A professional-volunteer-career army is more of a threat to peace or to involvement in empire than a citizen army. However, "citizen army" is a term not to be equated with conscription. It refers basically to militia such as the National Guard, which could be raised either by voluntary or compulsory means. The essence of a professional army is an officer and noncommissioned officer group that makes a career out of the military. Such an army may enlist short-term volunteers or use a draft. The United States today has a professional force which uses the draft as a method to raise additional manpower—during the war in Vietnam, the Air Force, the Navy, the bulk of the Marine Corps and the Army have been made up of volunteers.

Conscript armies are no less destructive than volunteer armies. The armies of Napoleon, the Kaiser, Hitler and Stalin were raised by conscription and supported either imperialist or totalitarian purposes. The United States used volunteer armies in the Mexican and Spanish-American Wars to add foreign territory to its empire. It has employed volunteers to invade Latin American countries and conscripts to invade Vietnam or occupy other Asian countries. Drafted men do not prevent the use of armies for imperialism or war. The crucial decisions are made at a different level, by generals, presidents or emperors.

A second widely held belief about the draft is that campus and GI protests against the war in Vietnam would have been much less vigorous if the government had been able to get along with volunteers only. Campus protests are only partly draft motivated. There have been significant protests against military recruiters, Dow Chemical personnel recruiters, ROTC and university involvements with military research. Although the draft is part of this whole complex it cannot be said to have motivated students in the early protests when all students including graduate students were automatically deferred. This argument implies also that the resistance within the Army has come chiefly from conscripts, whereas much of the evidence points the other way.

Most men subject to the draft who resist the military do so before induction by filing as conscientious objectors, accepting voluntary exile in Canada or going to prison. According to Arlo Tatum of the Central Committee on Conscientious Objectors, "the majority of deserters in Sweden are volunteers." His colleague, Mike Wittels said: "The volunteer is a man who wants to control his own life, and is more likely to resist." My own contacts with numerous friends and relatives of those who visit military prisoners in the Army Disciplinary Barracks in nearby Leavenworth confirm this impression. There are, however, no reliable statistics. What is certain is that both volunteers and draftees have resisted war duty.

Sometimes it is asserted in support of the draft that its repeal would result in smaller armed forces and would mean, therefore, greater reliance on nuclear weapons. There is, however, no necessary relation between the draft and the size of the armed forces. It is possible to have a pre-Vietnam size army without the draft if, as a Pentagon report indicates, adequate pay were used as an inducement for enlistment. Or the military could have a combat army of the present size if civilians were hired for noncombat work in the United States. Only about 20 per cent of the army is ever involved in combat. Or it could lower recruiting standards, since not all army jobs demand the high test scores now required of recruits.

Neither is there a necessary relation between the ab-

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sence of a draft and reliance on nuclear weapons. Nuclear weapons were developed and used during World War II when the largest draft army in United States history was in the field. Both bomber and missile installations have been equipped with nuclear weapons during the peacetime draft. If nuclear weapons were used for other than deterrent, pre-emptive or retaliatory purposes (none of which has any relation to a draft) they would be used to escalate a conventional war when defeat seems otherwise likely. In that case it would be possible to argue, as President Truman did, that nuclear weapons were employed to save the lives of drafted men, or to win the war more quickly or decisively or because an adversary permitted no alternative.

Another argument is that an end to the draft would mean an increased reliance on troops of the developing world to fight our wars, as British and French imperialists relied on Asian and African troops. One response to this is the historical record that the United States has relied on South Korean troops both in Korea and in Vietnam while there was a draft. During the draft, United States troops were not used in Iran, the Congo, Guatemala or elsewhere where the CIA with ample funds managed *coups d'état* or assisted pro-American native forces to consolidate power.

The Army has steadily pursued during the peacetime draft a policy of training for counterinsurgency the armies of Thailand, Latin America and other nations. The United States did not rely fully on the troops of the South Vietnamese Government only because they were unreliable, showing a high desertion rate and an unwillingness to kill other Vietnamese.

It is frequently asked: "But wouldn't a volunteer army mean a mercenary army?" The word "mercenary" refers to the hiring of foreign troops to fight a nation's battles as the English employed Hessians during the American Revolution. In the United States Army, all officers and enlisted men, whether volunteers or draftees, are paid at the same rate for their rank. The presence or absence of a draft has nothing to do with whether men are paid. The only point at issue here is that the Pentagon, to raise an all-volunteer army, might have to offer an adequate wage to men of the lower ranks.

Some political leaders have claimed that foreign policy changes must come first, including big-power agreements for disarmament; only then, they say, will nations be secure enough to end the draft. Such a position assumes that nations want disarmament, or that foreign policy is changed independently of the military capabilities of nations. Military power is one of the most decisive factors influencing foreign policy. It is the ability of the United States to garrison other nations and invade, with or without invitation, nations such as Vietnam and the Dominican Republic that makes possible the dominance known as the Pax Americana. Such actions can be undertaken with or without the draft. But the draft, even in stand-by form, gives the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the President a blank check on the nation's manpower to escalate any

overseas action into a major war without Congressional approval. It thus helps determine foreign policy.

If we assume, first, that nations will ever negotiate disarmament and, second, that the draft is essential to real military strength, then a vigorous campaign to repeal the draft would be an important way of telling those in power to begin serious negotiation toward an international abolition of conscription. Any way one looks at it, foreign policy and military policy are intertwined; both must be changed. Support of the foreign policy goals of the military-industrial complex necessarily implies whatever means are essential for such support, such as access to unlimited manpower via the draft. Likewise, support of the means, including a blank check on manpower, nuclear weapons, etc., is support of the goals of those who can use these means.

Leaders who are disinclined to talk disarmament say the United States needs the draft until such time as we work out binding treaty arrangements with China and the Soviet Union, since these nations are the chief source of potential military threat. Even if the United States were to draft its every man, woman and child we would be outnumbered by the Chinese millions; no military man suggests the draft as a way to subdue either China or Russia. Nuclear weapons, missiles, submarines, control of air, seas, etc., are much more in the minds of military strategists than land warfare against more densely populated nations with larger land areas. The proposal that we need the draft until we work out agreements with China and Russia is an excuse, not a reason. We have made little or no effort to explore the overtures of these nations toward nonaggression pacts or other treaties decreasing tensions.

Sometimes racists and sometimes liberals, for differing reasons, claim that a volunteer army would probably in time be all black, since black youth is denied access to other jobs with decent pay and turns in increasing num-

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bers to the Army. This argument is based on the fact that the black re-enlistment rate is currently higher than the white. But white initial enlistment is higher than black even at existing pay rates. If higher pay for recruits were authorized, the Army would attract ample numbers of young white men as well as those from other racial groups.

Among the factors discouraging black enlistments are the following: (*1*) Black militants encourage youth to avoid the army because it serves the white power structure. (*2*) The black discovery of power, begun under Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., has made it necessary for hitherto white schools, businesses and industry to employ Afro-Americans if they are to receive black support. This competition for skilled or educated personnel is likely to continue. (*3*) Because of inadequate economic, educational and other opportunities there are not enough qualified black youth among the approximately 250,000 who turn 18 each year to fill up the armed forces even if every qualified black youth did enlist.

Still another argument against ending the draft is the idea that a volunteer army is better trained, shows higher morale and a greater eagerness to fight, and is, therefore, a greater threat to world peace. The level of training is determined by length of enlistment. If a man is drafted for two years and re-enlists, is he more of a threat to world peace than he was when a draftee? If so, this is an argument not for the draft but against re-enlistment, and for requiring the armed forces to discharge everyone before they can develop a vested interest in war. No advocate of the draft seriously suggests ending all voluntary re-enlistment or enlistment. In fact, the Air Force and Navy are built with volunteers and the Army relies chiefly on re-enlistments.

Finally, it is claimed that the injustice and inequity of the draft can be corrected by modifying rather than repealing the law. Against this is the argument that a lottery or any other chance approach is not more equitable than human decision. The lottery, whatever its impersonal values, has two serious defects. First, it assumes that inequality of treatment is the primary defect of the draft and that the national or world interest is served best by disregarding a man's abilities, education and potential when forcing him to enter the Army. The second weakness in present lottery proposals is the camouflage it provides for a traditional army demand. The Army has always wanted boys in their teen-age years, when they are most malleable and least able to resist complete regimentation. Liberals in Congress are now offering teen-agers to the Army under the guise of an "equitable" lottery instead of via the more naked military formula of the younger the better.

Actually, the draft can never be equitable because some will be drafted and others not; of those who are drafted some are sent to battle and others remain in safer areas. Some are killed in battle; others not. The fundamental injustice is that a man who is compelled to enter the Army feels a loss of freedom. The American system of freedom, insofar as it operates in employment, is one of persuading or inducing persons to engage in work rather than in compelling them to do so. It is a cardinal point in our religious faith as well as our democratic philosophy that ultimate values reside in the individual human being. The idea that the individual must be subjected to the state, or that compulsory "service" is preferable to a voluntary society, contributes to the alienation of young people. The power to reach into every family, to take a boy from his home and subject him to complete military discipline for months or years is the most serious limitation America places on freedom.

In the final analysis, the issue is freedom, rather than equality under compulsion.

HARRY GOLDEN

Charlotte, N.C.

Church bells ring, are ya listening?"

Thus the eternal ditty on the radio sponsored by religious groups, the WCTU and probably the North Carolina bootleggers, who know a good thing when they see it. The bells were ringing because the General Assembly of North Carolina was taking a vote on whether to permit liquor by the drink. The church bells tolled all day to warn that John Barleycorn was about to wreak havoc on the most progressive state in the South.

North Carolina has local option; the counties can vote themselves wet or dry. One of our counties has been dry since 1909. No one there has ever confessed a thirst but that is because the dry county adjoins a wet county. Just drive over the line and tote it home. You can have your drink and feel good, too. It is probably the only way to defeat the hangover: get drunk in Mecklenburg but sleep it off in Rowan.

The wet counties boast ABC stores, liquor stores staffed and run by the state, the profits of which go toward support of the public school libraries. The limit per customer is one gallon. To stage a big party, therefore, a hostess must enlist the aid of friends. You can bring a bottle of liquor into a restaurant as long as you keep it wrapped in a brown bag. Brown bagging was finally legalized by the legislature after the superior court had ruled the practice was breaking the law the Prohibitionists had written.

Everyone in Charlotte hoped for passage of a bill per-

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mitting liquor by the drink under local option. Charlotte loses many conventions because it has a dearth of restaurants and a dearth of what the conventioneers like to call "night life." Liquor by the drink would probably induce the restaurateurs to open gaudier establishments and we'd probably be able to boast three night clubs instead of the old Pecan Grove, which is so staid that even the Baptists have conventions there.

If a certain number of legislators had absented themselves, the representatives from the big cities, Charlotte, Greensboro, Raleigh and Asheville, would probably have put liquor by the drink over the top. But the ministers found out which legislators intended to "walk" again and the ministers and their congregations kept up the pressure. Church bells heralded the defeat of the liquor by the drink. It was like having Christmas in June and you didn't have to hand out presents even.

The defeat takes the breath out of the city boosters. Having to transport that fifth of whiskey into the restaurant is hardly the height of sophistication. If the nice folks would lay off our moral welfare, say the Chamber of Commerce fellows, this town would really go somewhere.

The night the bill for liquor by the drink lost, I went to see the movie, *100 Rifles,* which starred the colored football player, Jim Brown, and Raquel Welch. The love scene between these two which has been extensively described in magazines and newspapers was missing. I asked the manager about it. He said the city of Charlotte had asked him to cut this section.

The irony of it was that battle scenes which portrayed bloody, dying men constituted three-fourths of the picture. To show a battle scene and cut out a sex scene is as ridiculous as life itself. The additional irony, which I received from the headquarters of the State Police, was that arrests for drunken driving have risen constantly over the years no matter how the legislature votes.

CAMPUS WITCH HUNT

THE COLLEGES PLAY BALL

FRANK J. DONNER
Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantines).*

> *We have grown weary of being promised a dialog. What we urgently need is a meaningful response. . . . We are asking that you allow us to realize the very values you have held forth. And we think you should be with us in our request.*
>
> —From Meldon E. Levine's Harvard Law School Commencement Address

In May the Subcommittee on Investigations of the Committee on Government Operations (the "McClellan Committee") turned its investigative eye from urban riots and civil disorders caused by racial unrest to the problem of student disorders.

In connection with the investigation, subpoenas for the production of documents were served on a number of universities, including Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, Stanford, the University of California, The College of the City of New York and Brooklyn College. These and at least ten more institutions which had experienced campus disorders are required to identify individuals and to produce records of organizations (including the names of their officers and faculty advisers) involved in campus disorders. The Columbia subpoena, which is typical, requires the trustees to

> produce any and all records from January 1, 1968 to the present date showing the identity of students or other persons or organizations who took part in the seizure of Columbia University buildings or parts thereof without the permission of university authorities as well as records showing the identity of officers and faculty advisers of Columbia University student organizations including Columbia University Students for a Democratic Society, Students for a Restructured University, Student Afro-American Society, Hamilton Hall Steering Committee. Also records showing the extent and nature of assistance rendered during this period of time by any agency of the United States Government or by any legal entity exempt by United States law from taxation, to any student or other person whose name is provided in compliance with the terms of this subpoena.

It must be stressed that if the committee were really concerned with reviewing or implementing the denial-of-benefits legislation passed in the last Congress as a means of policing campus rebellions, it could merely have sought the *number* of grant recipients who engaged in disorders. It could then have questioned university authorities as to what extent the statutory sanctions had been applied. But the committee wants the universities to *identify each participant* and then to specify those who receive grants.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the McClellan committee is powered not only by the same jurisdictional mandate as was the McCarthy committee but by the same spirit. McClellan's investigative subject matter—federal subsidies to campus lawbreakers (remember his committee is confined to "government operations")—masks a highly personalized attack on individuals and organizations. Through this punitive use of the legislative power, McClellan hopes to force credibility into the thesis that campus unrest is the fruit of a subversive conspiracy of bad guys ("hard-core revolutionaries"). It would then follow that, once they were identified and

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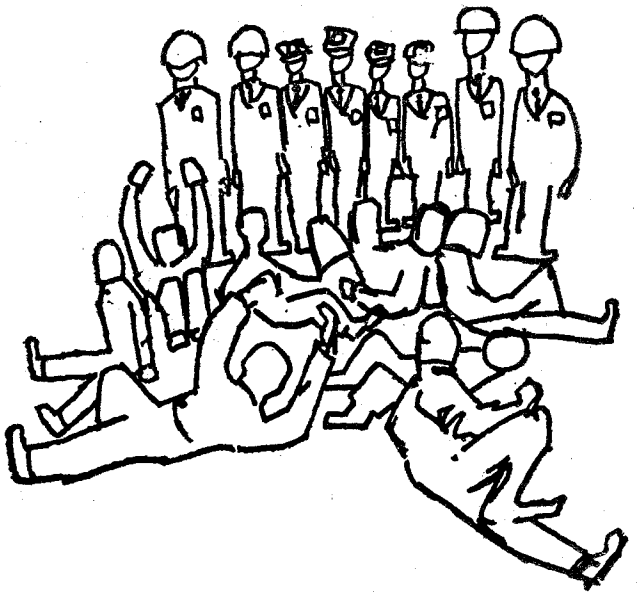

purged (by college administrators, informers and Red squad operatives), tranquillity would descend on the campus.

McClellan has used this same technique of counterfeiting a legislative purpose in order to conduct a conspiracy-informer exposé in his now two-year-old probe of urban riots. His committee has become a forum for name mongering and irresponsible defamatory references by local security narks and an assortment of racists. Most recently, the use of these tactics by a member of the Chicago Police Department's "Subversive Unit," testifying before the committee, drew the outraged protest of a new panel member, Sen. Charles Percy, who was a friend of his victim. As *The Washington Post* bitingly editorialized, "Not everyone slurred in a proceeding of this sort is lucky enough to have a Senatorial friend on hand to spring to her defense."

That the committee's goal is names has been made quite clear by the extraordinary comprehensiveness of its probes. During the urban riot hearings and in the campus hearings up till now, endlessly repetitive testimony and identifications have been received into evidence. The universities' subpoenas seek the exposure of *everyone* involved in disruptions. This exhaustiveness is justified by the committee staff on the ground that it is "building a record" of an intricately coordinated subversive conspiracy, national in scope. Both the earlier ghetto and the present campus investigations elicit from police witnesses arrest records without indication of conviction or acquittal. When Sen. Abraham Ribicoff protested the inclusion of these records in the hearing transcript, the practice was briefly halted. But he left the hearings for two weeks and the record was again loaded with the names of arrestees.

The decor of the hearing room gives the show away: the walls are petaled with "power-structure" charts of the singularly structureless SDS and Black Panthers, together with pictures of "activists" in both organizations. Names and photos are selectively leaked to reporters for local and regional coverage. This scapegoating technique is reflected in the roster of witnesses, carefully chosen to echo the prejudices of chairman McClellan and Senator Mundt, who fill the record with warnings against "outside agitators"—the Johnny Appleseeds of campus rebellion.

The campus hearings are already almost exclusively the forum for hard-line witnesses such as S. I. Hayakawa and Bruno Bettelheim. The youth rebellion, according to Dr. Bettelheim, mirrors pre-Hitlerite developments; young people need a "youth service program of a few years' duration," a compulsory civilian program alternative to the draft which would melt away the rebellion and reduce the following of its leaders, for whom substitute emotional experiences or psychotherapy should be provided to get them back on course. Eric Hoffer testified that "it would have been a wonderful thing if Grayson Kirk got mad and got a gun and killed a few"; and cartoonist Al Capp denounced as "totalitarian" the moving anti-war speech of Harvard's Nobel Prize winner, George Wald.

In this wearisomely familiar script—a parallel version is being performd by HISC (formerly HUAC) on the House side—there is no role for the student. The rage for change which has inspired the great mass of students—not only in this country but world-wide—is attributed to manipulation through, in Senator Mundt's favorite phrase, a "master plan." The major testimonial role of the college administrator is to confess to overpermissiveness in the past and to promise toughness in the future, coupled with business as usual. There is no room in the script for the causes of campus discontents or an exploration of feasible reforms, even when a few *mea culpas* pointing to the need for change are offered by the educational establishment. The Senators want to use their power to force universities to keep the lid on the *status quo*.

The committee conveniently dramatized the whole legislative swindle a short time ago when President Nathan Pusey of Harvard appeared for questioning before the panel but never actually testified—even though, as Dr. Pusey vainly protested, he had shortened a vacation and risen at 4:30 in the morning to keep his committee date. Dr. Pusey cooled his heels because the testimony of a teaching fellow at Harvard was delayed by an argument as to whether he would supply the committee with names, the panel refusing to hear this otherwise "friendly" witness until he came across. The fellow (who called himself a "moderate," but who is known on campus as the "resident Fascist") finally agreed after the luncheon recess to supply the names in executive session—a ploy invented by HUAC long ago.

Having recited the eagerly sought list of names in camera, the witness spent the rest of the afternoon reading into the record an article he had written for *The Wall Street Journal*, as well as a mimeographed 32-page transcript of his testimony. This recitation appears to have been encouraged for the express purpose of

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keeping the president of Harvard waiting, since the usual practice is to accept such material, unread, for inclusion in the record. (The incident has stirred amused speculation in Cambridge as to whether McClellan may have radicalized Pusey as much as the April police bust radicalized the student body.)

The committee's insatiable hunger for names mocks its profession of a legislative purpose: a bona fide legislative investigation deals with some subject matter, a presumed evil, and only incidentally with individuals. Nor is this a garden-variety exposure hearing; the committee's real agenda is highly political. For more than a century the response of repressive governments to the challenge of student unrest has been to develop an undercover surveillance and dossier-keeping network. These practices intimidate and demoralize the radical movement in its day-to-day activities. More important, they are directed toward the future as well; identification and dossier keeping are the pillars of the politics of deferred reckoning, the classic means adopted by the state to insure that its youthful critics will be dealt with when the time is ripe.

But the mechanism of domestic intelligence developed in the United States during the 1930s has become rusty and obsolete, its old Left norms no longer appropriate to a changing political scene, its files choked with millions of useless dossiers. It is no secret that a modern surveillance and dossier-keeping technology is being developed to combat the new political Left with an up-to-date intelligence network institutionalized on the federal, state and local levels. Legislation which plausibly might be directed at student unrest furnishes pretexts for intensive surveillance activity. In an exchange at the Senate Appropriations hearings in May, Assistant Attorney General Jerris Leonard let the cat out of the bag when he was prodded by Senator Byrd about the use of a civil rights statute that prohibits interference with beneficiaries of federally funded programs as a weapon against student unrest. Leonard stated that he had just been working in two situations together with an associate "in which we had a briefing from the local police department, which had movies and pictures and had undercover agents on this particular campus and we are reviewing information from that campus with an eye or with a possibility in mind of prosecuting there. . . . We . . . need a [task] force of two or three lawyers . . . and some intelligence input, as I indicated earlier, from outside of the Department itself, military type intelligence. . . ." On the basis of Mr. Leonard's testimony, the Appropriations committee approved funds for thirty new employees in the civil rights division. But when the testimony came to light, Leonard smoothly denied that he was seeking to organize a task force to gather intelligence for use in quelling campus disorders.

We are entering an age of political surveillance and informing on a scale undreamed of in the past. The real mission of the McClellan committee is to amass for this new operation dossiers of student radicals, and it intends to extract them from university administrations which have custody of information otherwise difficult to obtain. These subpoenas will set up an estimated 1,000 quarries for the security apparatus.

The false legislative façade of the hearings conceals another illicit aim—the use of investigative power for law-enforcement purposes. The Department of Justice has seized on the anti-riot rider already deployed against the Chicago convention demonstrators as its "chosen instrument" against student leaders, hoping that proof can be found that they engaged in interstate travel to disrupt campuses. Undercover agents are scouring the campuses and infiltrating student groups to develop such evidence. And in a press conference on July 15, Attorney General Mitchell announced that he "expected a number of indictments" under this criminal statute. The McClellan hearings are designed to support this activity—hence the repeated stress on "outside agitators" and their "master plan." Thus, universities that cooperate with the committee risk exposing student leaders to criminal conspiracy indictments and furthering a thesis about the causes of campus unrest that they must know is both fraudulent and dangerous.

All the universities which I have named complied completely or partially with McClellan's subpoenas, turning over to the committee some or all of the names demanded. The surrender of the names verifies the charges of student protesters that our universities have betrayed their basic ends; it will surely widen the breach between students and administrations. It comes at a moment of strong legislative pressure to take the student Left to the woodshed, and the almost inevitable result will be a campus witch hunt on federal and state levels. Already in New York City, state Senator (and mayoralty candidate) Marchi has plastered the city university with subpoenas for records of individuals; and similar probes are being hatched in other states, among them Pennsylvania and New Mexico, quite apart from the anti-student legislation enacted and pending.

In 1966, HISC subpoenaed lists of names from Stanford, California and Michigan [see "HUAC: From Pillory to Farce" by Frank J. Donner, *The Nation,* September 5, 1966]. Compliance by the three universities resulted in a nation-wide wave of protest and self-questioning by college administrations, faculty and students. The American Civil Liberties Union circularized almost 1,000 colleges, urging adoption of a policy of resistance to such subpoenas on the ground, substantially supported by constitutional arguments, that enforced disclosure of names violates the protected freedoms, threatens the independence of the university, invades the confidentiality of academic records and collaborates in the punitive exposure of campus dissenters. In response, some universities promised to resist such subpoenas in the future, while others changed their record-keeping policies so as to eliminate or narrow the problem.

The most forthright response to the ACLU's appeal came from Columbia's Grayson Kirk, who wrote in De-

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cember 1966 to ACLU's executive director, John deJ. Pemberton, that in the event a name-seeking subpoena were served on the university, "every attempt will be made to resist legally requests for such information and to foster in all appropriate ways freedom of expression and inquiry." Kirk's vow that Columbia would resist was ignored by his allegedly more liberal successor, Acting President Andrew W. Cordier.

When the McClellan committee served Columbia with a subpoena this spring it was almost the first important business confronting the new university senate, a representative body that had been approved by the trustees earlier amidst cheers that self-government was finally being introduced on Morningside Heights.

The majority of the university senate representatives uneasily acquiesced in Cordier's initiative after he told them that it would be dangerous to rock the boat during delicate negotiations between the university's lawyers and the McClellan committee staff. As a result of these negotiations, he assured the senate, he was sparing the student members of the "moderate" SRU and SAS and was releasing only SDS names (more than thirty in all). This "compromise" was presented to the senate as a great victory. The fingered students were not notified that their names had been submitted to the committee until long after the event.

Compliance was publicly justified on the odd ground that the university's objective to defeat repressive legislation would be furthered "by voluntarily responding to the subpoena rather than being forced to do so on terms which might be much less to our liking. . . ." Acting President Cordier further explained that the university had successfully shielded SRU and SAS because "they have conducted themselves peaceably and have acted constructively as organizations," a poorly concealed admission of a deal to assist the committee in harassing the SDS in exchange for protection of the "moderates."

Particularly disingenuous was the university's reliance on a federal court decision dismissing an attack by SDS members and others on the Columbia subpoena. "This decision," Cordier announced, "reinforced the legal obligation of the university, which had never been in serious doubt, to comply in an appropriate manner with the requirements of the subpoena." The decision did nothing of the sort. It does not deal with the merits of the case at all but rests on purely technical grounds.

If the faculty members of the senate were uneasy about Cordier's "victory," its student members were outraged—not only at the fact that the university's newly created instrument of self-government had been by-passed but because the university had failed to make a legal challenge of the subpoenas. The students were especially disturbed because names of students had been submitted who had been merely charged with disruption but not convicted under internal disciplinary procedures. Their protesting resolution recited: "By submitting the names of students whose cases are still pending, the university administration has violated campus due process" and, moreover, supplied information not demanded by the subpoena. The faculty at large, most notably the signers of a *New York Times* advertisement, "The University as a Sanctuary of Academic Freedom," were silent.

At CCNY and Brooklyn College, at Cornell and Harvard, the same sad tale was repeated. According to the complaint filed by the university senate of the City University, in a legal action challenging the CCNY and Brooklyn College subpoenas, comprehensive committee demands for names of students, faculty members and organizations, were served on both college administrations and were complied with despite faculty objections communicated to the administration as well as to the Board of Higher Education. (Brooklyn College turned over about 100 names.) At Cornell organizational records of campus radical groups and SDS officers' names, together with the SDS faculty adviser, were supplied; Harvard identified those involved in the April bust who had received financial aid from federal sources.

The University of California turned over the arrest and disciplinary records of some 298 students and ninety-eight nonstudents; also faculty members. The list even included names of individuals arrested but subsequently cleared. The university also supplied names and titles of officers of eleven campus organizations specified in the subpoena; they ranged from the campus branch of the American Federation of Teachers through the Radical Students Union, the SDS, the New Left Forum to the Third World Liberation Front.

At California, as at all the other subpoenaed institutions, the matter of compliance was decided, not by counsel familiar with the workings of anti-subversive committees or civil liberties experts but by the university's general counsel, T. J. Cunningham. Executive Vice Chancellor Earl Cheit vainly implored Mr. Cunningham to withhold the records, especially of those who violated the rules "in a moment of passion or in what they believed to be an act of idealism." He urged that beyond the legal issues, the university's responsibility for its students raised a strong moral question.

Chancellor Roger D. Heyns in transmitting the names to McClellan urged that they be kept confidential. Wistfully appealing to "the committee's sense of justice and fair play," he pointed out that "under California law misdemeanor records of minors may be sealed or expunged" and pleaded also that "public exposure would further punish those already disciplined by the court, the university, or both."

Stanford's President Kenneth Pitzer issued a defensive public statement: "For the university to disobey a lawful order of a governmental body would be to turn our backs on the very standards by which we are attempting to govern ourselves." The administration identified twenty-three aid recipients but expressly repudiated the inference that those identified had been involved in or associated with campus disorders. It also supplied the names of sixteen persons "taking part in campus disruptions."

In a talk to the student legislature on the day after the

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service of the subpoena, Stanford Provost Richard W. Lyman warned that universities are in for "several seasons" of legislative probes but admitted that the university had "every intention" of complying. Student leaders were not so resigned. The university's student governing body denounced the subpoena as "a clear assault on the university's right to handle its own affairs internally and on the freedom of students and faculty to pursue their academic activities no matter what their political beliefs and irrespective of their group associations."

The response to the McClellan subpoenas shames the widely shared resolve not to permit a repetition of the 1966 compliance. A perceptive analysis of the earlier fiasco by a University of Michigan faculty committee notes that the administrators gave "no explicit consideration to any threat to the civil liberties of those" whose names were surrendered, "to the autonomy of the university, or to the basic freedoms of the university."

If such consideration had been expressed by the universities now subpoenaed to a lawyer specializing in this field, it is almost certain that he would have counseled his clients to resist. He surely would have explained that a great American university possesses standing and resources not available to a lowly "unfriendly witness." An experienced lawyer knows all too well the might of the phrase *Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi* when dealing with Congressional committees.

What were the risks? If a move to quash the subpoena failed in the federal district court, there still remained appellate possibilities, with ultimate recourse to the Supreme Court on a precedent-protected First Amendment issue. And what a powerful case could be made to demonstrate lack of legislative purpose! At the very least, the Court could be expected to limit the scope of the compelled disclosure to the committee's narrow jurisdictional boundaries and a clearly defined legislative purpose, a restriction which would undoubtedly obviate the name requirement altogether.

Even ultimate failure to quash the subpoena could not result in a contempt citation without a vote of the entire United States Senate—assuming the full committee voted such a citation. And before the committee submitted its citation of a representative of a great national university to a Senatorial vote, it would seek to minimize the risk of defeat by offering—there is precedent for this even in the case of a recalcitrant witness—the university administrators an opportunity to purge themselves by compliance. Resourceful and aggressive when wooing power and money, the universities bumbled and cringed when their values were threatened by the security establishment.

It is precisely the universities' failure to take risks in support of professed principles that makes their compliance so pitiful—if not tragic—in the light of the value crisis now engulfing the entire educational establishment. As a bitter student member of the Columbia University senate put it to me:

> I am convinced that a powerful resistance to the subpoena is possible. Even Cordier says that compliance is distasteful, but that the subpoena is legal because his Wall Street lawyer told him so. Cordier desperately needs credibility if he expects to run Columbia. Isn't it worth buying a little credibility by refusing to bend the knee to the bastards? Suppose he loses in all of the courts including the United States Supreme Court, the only risk he or the trustees face is a possible fine, or more probably, an order to comply. What a cheap price for an institution to pay for the defense of a principle. I'm sure that if a threat to the University's property were presented by a Congressional subpoena, the path of resistance would be a natural choice.

The widespread compliance underlines the fading of th faculty voice even in matters that trench to the heart of university freedom. Faculty were uniformly not consulted in the decision making about the response to the subpoenas and only sporadically demanded to be consulted—even when subpoenas called for identification of faculty members.

The approval of administration compliance by some university faculties—even though half-hearted—and the apathy of individual faculty members, many of whom feel caught in a tightening regent and legislative squeeze, will undoubtedly further convince student critics that the privileges of the professoriate have converted even the liberals into a tenured gentry. Still, lawsuits *were* brought by faculty bodies attacking three subpoenas (Prof. Douglas Dowd of Cornell joined the SDS as a plaintiff in the Columbia action). And faculty response might have been more extensive and vigorous had the issue not risen so late in the term and had they been more freely consulted by the administrators, a few of whom dealt with the matter in tight secrecy.

But the overall pattern of compliance supports the charge that the university is incapable of independence because it is hopelessly indentured to reaction. A more troublesome question is also raised by the compliance: will the American university—like its counterpart in 19th-century European autocracies—permit itself to become a clearinghouse for a political intelligence network redesigned for deployment against a new generation of rebels?

The meaning of McClellanism is illuminated by three decades of anti-subversive investigations. If the university is to be harnessed to the needs of corporate America, the power of Congress must be used to exploit the long-range objective of a small student group in order to destroy the independence of the university and to thwart desperately needed institutional reforms. In a grimmer replay of the fifties, the fear engendering myth of a student-inspired threat to the national security, Aristotle's invented terror, is being feverishly revived to meet the challenge of a new time.

McClellan has launched this new strategy with a successful raid against an unprepared and unresistant enemy. Ignoring his claimed legislative purpose, and without even waiting for the conclusion of the hearings, he has just now filed a savagely punitive bill that would make campus "disruption" a federal offense. Will the university fight back while there is still time?

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Narrative, History and Prophecy

THE FOUR-GATED CITY. *By Doris Lessing. Alfred A. Knopf. 614 pp. $7.50.*

FLORENCE HOWE

Miss Howe teaches English at Goucher College. She has written other essays on Doris Lessing for The Nation. *With Paul Lauter, she will be publishing a book later this year called* Rebellion or Service *(Macmillan).*

The Four-Gated City is bulkier by far than any one of the four preceding novels in the series known as *Children of Violence* (*Martha Quest,* 1952; *A Proper Marriage,* 1954; *A Ripple from the Storm,* 1958; *Landlocked,* 1965). Like them, it is a chronicle of change, a *Bildungsroman* of character and history. Unlike them, it charts not only a decade and a half of the recent past (the previous four volumes together cover about two earlier decades) but moves on to view the apocalyptic years that will conclude this century. It is thus not only narrative and history but a stab at prophecy as well. For that reason and one other, *The Four-Gated City* is more important than its four predecessors.

The other reason has to do with turning a corner into mostly uncharted regions. Here, the concluding novel reminds me of *The Golden Notebook*, published in 1962 and generally considered to be the best of Lessing. As in that book, the immediate scene is England in the fifties. In both novels, the heroines move toward a descent into madness and then release from it, though the terms and values of the experiences differ significantly.

The heroine of *The Four-Gated City*, Martha Quest/Hesse, now 30 years old, continues to be particularly useful for *Bildungsroman*, since she is never finished learning. Living is for her "simply a process of developing different 'ears,' senses, with which one 'heard,' experienced, what one couldn't before." The four earlier novels have seen her through adolescence, two bad marriages, one meaningful love affair, a conversion to communism, and a decade of left-wing politics in Zambesia (Rhodesia). Her life has coincided with the rise of fascism, the Second World War, and the ultimate victory of racism in Rhodesia. Now, in Volume 5, she has wrenched herself free of family, friends, politics and "nation." She is the conventional exile of our time: an intellectual with political skills she no longer wishes to use; intelligent, resourceful, energetic, dependable, but suffering from self-doubt, a sense of shattered or evasive identity and a lack of purpose. She is nearly as war-torn, in short, as the England she lands on in 1950.

For the following fifteen years, Martha is hooked into British life (and its international reverberations) when she agrees to take a job as secretary to novelist Mark Coldridge and to reside in his large house on Radlett Street, Bloomsbury. The Coldridge family, significantly involved in public life, becomes the vehicle through which Martha observes and participates in the history of the fifties and early sixties. At first, Martha attempts detachment, but her life is transformed when the cold war strikes directly at Radlett Street and she is sucked into the muddy waters of a holding action. Mark's scientist brother Colin defects to the Soviet Union, leaving his wife to commit suicide and his 6-year-old to be cared for by Mark (and Martha). Mark's simple loyalty to his brother results in a siege of the house by reporters, friends-become-spies, and hysterical relatives. Martha supports Mark through his conversion to communism, and eventually, in spite of the cynical feeling that she has been all through it before, joins the "unconstituted committee," a growing alliance of the now tiny, fragmented Left in London.

These are the politics of frustration and paralysis, broken up as unaccountably and incomprehensibly as they began—by the death of Stalin, by Hungary and Suez. In 1956, an "idea of change" is in the air, new "movement" begins to alter the surface of British life. Some Coldridges help organize the series of Aldermaston peace marches, the younger generation join the Committee of One Hundred, and the older become leaders in the Labour Party. The political Left and the two generations now begin an internal struggle. But Mark and Martha remain, though for different reasons, peripheral to the politics of the next decade. Mark returns to writing novels, then to trying to understand what has happened and is happening, then gives up the present entirely to plan for the future. He believes that there is no point either to party or to street politics. For we are headed inevitably toward an accidental holocaust: "What will happen is a development," he writes in a memorandum, "of what is already happening and what has been accelerating, out of control, since 1914 and the green light for mass extermination." At the end of the novel, therefore, he gives up life in London to become planner of a new "city in the desert" for refugees from the destruction to come.

But to summarize the novel in this way is to do it a disservice. I have omitted other strands of Martha's life and Mark's, chief among them the children they raise together and Mark's "insane" wife Lynda who lives with them from time to time. Most of all, I have not caught the novel's essential character, its layered quality. In truth, it does not have the felicitous form of *The Golden Notebook*: ordered chaos made possible by the creation of a single novelist/political/heroine who keeps a set of four notebooks. That compendious work now seems, when weighed beside this new compendium, neat and self-contained. *The Four-Gated City* is not built on consistency or uniformity but on variety. At first sight, Mrs. Lessing seems to be doing just what she will. If she wants to stop her narrative for an essay on the Labour Party or for several paragraphs on the error of reading novels as though they were autobiography; if she wants to stop for an interpolated summary of her hero's novel about an *Ur*-city or the early biography of other characters; if she wants to include portions of her heroine's diary as she deliberately experiences "insanity"; or if she wants to write in the form of notes or scenarios, she simply does so. But there is method here. For example, almost at the center of the book, just before the breakup of the cold war, we leave London for Johannesburg, where Martha's mother is about to follow her daughter into exile. We are baffled, perhaps irritated by the shift, but then we are seduced by Mrs. Lessing's story of a black child named Stephen, the first black person whom Mrs. Quest talks to in thirty years of life in Africa, the first black person to touch her physically and emotionally: "You have a black heart, missus, you are my mother," Stephen says one day, and Mrs. Quest, having been rejected by her own children, can only weep in response. It all seems casual, even roughly done. And yet, coming where it does in the novel, and in the series of novels, it is hardly that.

Martha's history has always included guilt for the racism of her English parents and fear of a past she has wanted only to deny. Each of the previous nov-

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els has carried in it, moreover, the image of her mother, exemplar of the middle-aged woman Martha does not want to become: useless, hating and hated by her children and fearing the country she was forced to live in, bitter and destructive, an appalling human whose ultimate function is only death. Martha, who has coped efficiently with the Coldridge household, including a number of children, and the exigencies of the cold war, cannot face her own mother. The visit brings Martha to crisis about herself, a dangerous one at age 35. Her first response is characteristic: "Somewhere in Martha's life it had been instilled in her, or she knew by instinct, that one should never read anything until one wanted to, learn anything until one needed it." She sets about, therefore, reading the "equivalent of a university course" in psychiatry and emerges "with one essential fact. That these practitioners of a science, or an art, agreed about absolutely nothing." Hence it is up to Martha's intelligence to solve her problems. But as she tells the psychiatrist she decides to see anyway, "what her intelligence said had no effect at all on her emotions"—a typical enough complaint. And Martha's own solitary "work," as she calls it, of "resurrecting her past," does not seem either, by itself, adequate to solve her problems. Her mother's visit thus begins by changing Martha from nurse to patient. But after she has gone and Martha is declared officially well by the psychiatrist, Martha's critical intelligence remains turned inward. She becomes absorbed by the question of how minds work.

Her experience has led her to question the line usually drawn between neurosis and psychosis, especially in relation to hallucinatory "seeing" or "hearing." Why does Dr. Lamb declare one patient (Martha) "entirely rational" and another (Lynda) schizophrenic? Presumably because of the distinction between hearing "real voices" and hearing voices that one knows are simply in one's imagination. Lynda had been unwise enough as an adolescent 14-year-old to tell her father that she could hear what her future stepmother was thinking. Martha, on the other hand, knows enough at age 35 to put the case to Dr. Lamb as a supposition: "suppose I insisted I had seen Dorothy's suicide exactly as it was. . . ." Dr. Lamb remains caught in his professional distinctions: Martha is not shouting and insistent; *ipso facto*, she is sane.

The inadequacy—and even the irrationality—of Dr. Lamb's judgment is clearer when we remember how carefully Mrs. Lessing has prepared for this moment. She has laced the early chapters of the novel with accidental extrasensory experiences of Martha that are entirely convincing. Very soon after her arrival in London, Martha spends time walking "the interminable damp hostile streets of this doomed city, all cracked and thinned and darkened by war." Especially when she is tired and hungry, she finds a "wavelength," a mental "space" in her mind. To get there, she has to move first into a "band of noise," "a din of appalling sound, music, voices, screaming, the sounds of war." Sometimes she finds that it is possible to separate the sounds to hear something useful, but mainly she has to reach "through not being afraid of or irritated by the silliness and jumble of this area, a state of quiet and distance. . . ." This is not a drug experience: the book may be read, in fact, as a tract against the use of drugs even for some mental patients. Martha enters the "door" to the mind in the ancient manner, as a "reward of not-eating, not-sleeping, using her body as an engine to get her out of the small dim prison of every day." In the last quarter of the novel, Martha's teacher becomes Lynda. Nursing her, Martha enters "Lynda's country," hears her voices, and communicates profoundly with her. In a final, climactic episode, Martha arranges a a three-week experiment in self-induced and controlled "insanity." She lives in one room, on coffee and little sleep, and passes through various "Stations of the Cross" that are cultural (in the Jungian sense) as well as personal landmarks. The experience takes her back again into her past, into anti-Semitism and racism, for example, and purges her *emotionally and intellectually* as the hours of deliberate, cognitive "resurrecting" earlier had not.

I have sketched only the bare outline of the single and most important thread of the book. It is not one that Mrs. Lessing's readers will expect from her. With a correct instinct, she anticipates some hostility by describing Martha's own reluctant conversion. As she begins to read the literature of Eastern and Western mysticism, Martha is aware at first of a sense of "distaste" which she recognizes as "a form of fear," "identical with" what "she had experienced in politics. . . ." But then she describes "a prickling challenging liveliness, a vitality at work. But not in the backwaters of 'rationalism' which was the official culture, and not in the mirror of the official culture"—astrology and other forms of pseudo-scientific occultism. Nor is her discovery Rimbaud's notion of the necessary disordering of the senses, nor the simple spontaneity and impulse-hunting of contemporary youth's response to bureaucratization. Martha's discovery is different not only in kind but in a social purpose, in having an end beyond personal freedom.

As in *The Golden Notebook*, mental breakdowns of all kinds are, in part, a response to the politics of the West, the bureaucratization, the incipient fascism, the irrational violence, and to the dehumanized, propaganda- and drug-addicted culture we live in. But for Mrs. Lessing in 1969, madness is not merely a debilitating affliction or an escape, or even a novelist's tool. Developing particular forms of what Western man calls "madness" may be the only way out of his afflicted culture. Can anything —any persons or organizations—Mrs. Lessing asks in this novel, call halt to the inevitable destruction to come, given the growth and movement about the earth of mad machines, on the one hand, and the lack of internal human commonsensical and moral controls, on the other? Her answer is unequivocally No. Our dulled apathy to the condition of daily life and to the cries of war signals what Robert Bly has called "the deep longing for death," a suicidal rush to annihilation, as though the half-drugged of us were longing for total immolation, for the relief of the end. Mrs. Lessing, on the contrary, envisions a struggle toward life, through the use of extraordinary sensory powers by intelligence and a moral consciousness.

In this respect, Mrs. Lessing is a perfectly consistent novelist. When at the end of *The Golden Notebook*, Anna Wulf decides to take a job as a marriage counselor and to begin working for the Labour Party, and, perhaps, some day to write another novel, she is following her concept of the intellectual's function: to be a boulder pusher, that is, a teacher of the humane principles—freedom, nonviolence, for example—that a few great men have promulgated. Hence, living means pushing Sisyphean boulders up endless series of mountains —a struggle with "human stupidity." At the end of Martha's experiment in insanity, she comes to several conclusions, the most important of which she labels the "central fact," that "without knowing what I know, through Lynda, I'd not have been able to hold on." For the experience had sent her "over the edge"; she judges it finally as "not only very dangerous, but extremely inefficient." And yet, she is also telling us that, however "defective," her experiment had taught her that the mind stretched "was not all chaos, it was not just a jumble: one could make some kind of sense of all this by using one's ordinary faculties of memory, judgment, comparison, understanding. In short, one could use one's common sense here, in this uncommon area, just as one could in ordinary life." When the novel per se ends, we do not know precisely what Martha will do, though it is clear that she will not leave England with Mark

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and his group. She will work where she is. From the "documents" in the 55-page Appendix to the novel, we learn that she becomes an organizer and *teacher* of people with similar extrasensory knowledge and equipment, in preparation for the destruction that comes. In the tradition of teacher still, Martha's last act before her death, sometime between 1995 and 2000, is to write a long document describing her incarceration with some seventy others on an island off the coast of Scotland, their methods of survival, the culture they establish, and most significantly, the "new" children born on the island.

Martha, we may note, ends where she begins—on an island. It is no casual happenstance. The epigraphs with which Mrs. Lessing introduces the novel's four parts chart the movement of her book: from the geography of Rachel Carson that can be read mystically to the mysticism of the East that we can see as a map of the future. A quotation from *The Edge of the Sea* describes green mangrove seedlings that drop into the water along the Florida coast to "root firmly in any muddy shoal" and eventually "create new islands," Mrs. Carson describes the ecological process as "eloquent of a continuing change now actually in progress, a change being brought about by the life processes of living things." It is obviously also a description of Mrs. Lessing's novel and her reading of human history. The novel's final epigraph (from *The Sufis, Idries Shah*) is plain enough: "What ordinary people regard as sporadic and occasional bursts of telepathic and prophetic power are seen by the Sufi as nothing less than the first stirrings of these same organs." The "new" children born on the island, of several races, can both "see" and "hear," and as Martha describes them, they "are our guardians. They guard us."

In her final volume Mrs. Lessing has given narrative form and significance to ideas that, as Martha says, others are also feeling. Readers of *The Nation* may recall a recent essay by Ronald Sampson, lecturer at Bristol University, titled "What is a University?" (May 5, 1969). Sampson describes "student unrest" as reflecting "a fundamental questioning of and dissatisfaction with the very philosophy of knowledge on which the university as an institution is ultimately based." He analyzes the "metaphysical" basis for the "cultural crisis of the West" and concludes that Western culture "rests on a false condition of human consciousness." He continues, "More and more people become aware of Blake's 'mind-forged manacles.'" It is these *manacles* that Doris Lessing's novel is ultimately concerned with. *The Four-Gated City* challenges many if not most of the central tenets of our culture: our definitions of sanity/insanity; rational/irrational: our understanding of how people learn and the purpose of knowledge: even our guesses about mutation, genetics and the future of the human race. With bittersweet optimism, Martha describes the "new" children of the future as naturally nonviolent. These ultimate children of violence "include" and "have transcended" the history of our century: "They include us in a comprehension we can't begin to imagine." Sampson's essay ends with a sentence that might stand as epigraph for all five volumes of *Children of Violence*: "A true metaphysic makes explicit the human obligation to mitigate and reduce suffering, to strengthen the unity and freedom of mankind—without violence—in a world surfeited and nauseated by violence."

Since Malcolm's Death

THREE-FIFTHS OF A MAN. *By Floyd McKissick. The Macmillan Co. 223 pp. $4.95.*

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER. *Edited with an Introduction by Robert Scheer. Random House. 211 pp. $5.95.*

DIE NIGGER DIE. *By H. Rap Brown. The Dial Press. 145 pp. $3.95.*

JAMES WEINSTEIN

Mr. Weinstein is the author of The Decline of Socialism in America, 1912-1925 *(Monthly Review Press),* The Corporate Ideal in the Liberal State, 1900-1918 *(Beacon Press) and, with David W. Eakins, the forthcoming* For a New America.

In the last fifteen years of public agitation and struggle, Afro-Americans have developed three distinct, if sometimes overlapping tendencies. There are the liberals (the "Negroes" in current black parlance), the cultural nationalists (including the Muslims), and the revolutionary nationalists (led now by the Black Panther Party). Of these, the first and the last speak directly to different groups of whites with the aim of enlisting them, or allying with them, to change the American social structure: the liberals by gaining admission for blacks into the existing social order, the revolutionary nationalists by the overthrow of corporate capitalism and the establishment of a Socialist democracy. The cultural nationalists seek a solution apart from white America, which they despair of changing, and into which they disdain to integrate.

The goals of each group define the broad outlines of its politics and roughly determine the way in which it relates to whites of various groups and classes. The liberals ultimately direct their appeals to liberal corporation, trade union, religious and political leaders. They seek to win the support of those who hold power, either formally or informally. The style of the Negro liberals varies from the deferential pleading of a Whitney Young to the angry warnings of a Floyd McKissick, and from an appeal to conscience or rational interest to threats of social disruption or disaster. But the content is essentially the same: grant Negroes equality (or, at least, equal opportunity for advancement) or face continued (or accelerating) disruption and turmoil. Give some real power and resources to the responsible (liberal) leaders, or be forced to deal with the revolutionaries.

At one time, prior to the emergence of the mature Malcolm and revolutionary nationalism, Negro leaders and organizations could be classified by their degrees of militancy. All those who related purposively to whites fell within the civil rights movement: all were liberals. Beside the liberals (militant and nonmilitant) there were only the earlier nationalists, who rejected white society *in toto*. Nationalists of all kinds, both the then dominant cultural nationalists and the emerging revolutionary nationalists, were condemned by most white leftists as racist, separatist, even as allies of the Ku Klux Klan.

Since Malcolm's death all that has changed. It is clear now that militancy per se means little, that there are two distinct movements among Afro-Americans relating directly to white politics, and that these movements have their counterparts in white America. One need only read Floyd McKissick's *Three-Fifths of A Man* to be struck with how quickly and how much things have changed. For McKissick was one of the most militant leaders of one of the most militant civil rights organizations (CORE), and yet his book is strikingly archaic. Its mood is neo-boogey-boogey-boogey: it is another warning that unless comfortable white America makes room for the blacks on the basis of absolute equality there will be guerrilla warfare to the death. To be sure, McKissick is intelligent, militant and sophisticated. He fully understands the importance of black nationalism, and of its development from Garvey, through Elijah Muhammad, to Malcolm, Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown (although

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he has not yet assimilated the Panthers). And he makes it clear that he believes most blacks choose not to integrate into white society, but desire their own communities, as economic equals to the whites. But how to achieve such self-determination and equality? It is there that McKissick is back with the liberals. His solution is the Constitution combined with black nationalism: it is an appeal for governmental transfer of ownership of land, business and educational facilities in the ghetto to the blacks—either as individuals or collectively.

All that is lacking, McKissick insists, is will on the part of "the American Government," since it has "the power, money and resources" to initiate such a program. To evoke that will, McKissick conjures up Che Guevara and the possibility of violent revolution. "It may still happen in the manner Che expected; in fact it is highly likely," he writes. "But," he adds hastily, "it need not be so."

Perhaps not, but it does seem a hopeless endeavor to appeal to an abstraction called "the government" to transfer substantial amounts of property and capital goods from the corporations to the black masses, when "the government" is the political incarnation of those corporations. Such a massive redistribution of wealth might take place after a prolonged and successful struggle—as a means of preventing even more drastic consequences. But what McKissick asks is clearly beyond the realm of what even the most flexible liberal men of power are prepared to consider at present.

In sharp contrast to McKissick, Eldridge Cleaver addresses himself to the mobilization of the black masses and to those whites whom he and the Panthers see as allies or potential allies in the struggle for socialism. The book, a collection of writings and speeches since the publication of *Soul on Ice*, was hastily thrown together after Cleaver's flight to escape reimprisonment. It is a very good book, one that reflects Cleaver's integrity and constant intellectual and political development, as well as the reasons for the emergence of the Black Panthers as the leading black revolutionary organization. The book is valuable, among other reasons, because it provides the reader with a sense of the development of the Panthers' political thinking. In it, Cleaver emphasizes the hostility of the Panthers to racism in any form, and stresses the earnest desire of the BPP to form alliances with white groups, such as the Peace and Freedom Party. He also writes about Ronald Reagan, Humphrey and George Wallace; but while he indicates that their politics sets the framework within which Panther politics must operate, he makes it plain that the Panthers are not in the business of pleading with, cajoling, or threatening the whites in power in order to gain concessions. Cleaver and the Panthers stand for Socialist revolution; it is for that reason that they address whites; and it is white radicals, particularly students, to whom they speak.

Die Nigger Die, in contrast to *Eldridge Cleaver*, is not a good book even though the politics of Cleaver and H. Rap Brown are similar. The book is most valuable as a partial biography of Brown, and as an example of his agitational style. Too much of it, however, is Brown honking his own horn, or else pure jive. The strongest and most compelling aspect of the book is Brown's determination to help create a culture of struggle—to flesh out Cleaver's aphorism that either you're part of the solution or you're part of the problem. Mostly the book consists of exhortations to blacks to struggle. Unfortunately those to whom it is directed will not likely read it, while those who do will not learn much.

The Arithmetic of Silence

YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING. *By Isaac Babel. Translated by Max Hayward. Edited by Nathalie Babel. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 283 pp. $5.95.*

LESLIE EPSTEIN

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The recent publication in the West of the novels of Bulgakov and Solzhenitsyn, together with the endless stream of stories and poems smuggled into the hands of Italian editors, must confirm what the readers of Babel, Pasternak and Sholokhov could only assert: that the national literature of greatest merit in our times is Russian. What is astonishing about the vigor of Soviet writing, of course, is that it has been sustained under a regime whose initial impulse has always been to hound recalcitrant talent to death. The paradox can be explained any number of ways. The revolution opened an immense gap between what was promised and what was achieved, not altogether unlike that dislocation of desire and fulfillment that is the stimulus to the creative process itself. Moreover, despite or because of that revolution, Russia has remained a 19th-century country, full of horses and onions and 19th-century arts. McLuhan applies here much less than he does throughout the rest of Europe, which is to say that the Russian people are among the few who have not discovered the irrelevancy of reading and words. Apart from the global village, they have been spared much that is debilitating in the international style. But the most crucial factor in the stubborn excellence of Soviet writing has been the attempt to suppress it. In our era the censor, the commissar, the goon represent a species of restriction which, in the absence of all other formal limitations, may actually do more to preserve an art than destroy it. There should be no need to say that I do not recommend repression in the arts any more than I would, say, anti-Semitism in religion. It is just that, in certain circumstances, and on balance, the effect of such policies is far from what was intended. Hence Russia is the last land with a great national literature, and, despite its repeated forays into anti-Semitism, the only nation where the Jewishness of its Jews is still preserved.

Which brings us directly to Isaac Babel, about whom the question must be not only how did he write so well but why did he write so little? Babel always answered this question with studied irony and deliberate camouflage:

> *Q.* Readers are puzzled by your more than lengthy silence.
>
> *A.* It puzzles me too, so in this respect there's not much difference between us. To tell the honest truth, I am simply not very well equipped to do this job, and I wouldn't do it if I felt in a better position to do something else. But this is the only job that, with a great deal of effort, I can do more or less decently. That's the first thing. In the second place, I have a well-developed critical sense. In the third place, we live in stormy, revolutionary times and I am among those people who are not so concerned with the word "what." . . . By temperament I am always interested in the how and why. These questions need careful thought and study, and you have to approach the business of writing with great honesty in order to answer them in literary form. That's how I explain [my silence] to myself.

Virtually every critic I know has seized upon the ambiguity of such remarks to turn Babel's silence into a case study of the conflict between artist and state. As his daughter remarks, quite typically, in her preface to *You Must Know Everything*: "His style [did not] improve according to the Leninist-Stalinist theories of literature. Instead, Babel chose silence rather than compromise—he wrote for himself." To a certain extent—Babel

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was, after all, murdered by Stalin—such judgments are accurate. But the chief virtue of this book is that, quite by accident, and largely in the appendices, it forces us to realize that the causes of Babel's silence lay not so much in the demands of the state as in the exigencies of his own art.

These appendices—the last third of the book—consist of an interview with Babel and four brief reminiscences of him by colleagues and friends, most prominently Ilya Ehrenburg and Georgy Munblit. In these pages, certainly, we hear much about terror, panic, torture, loneliness, hiding, pursuit, but is is not the tyranny of Stalin to which these words refer but the torment of writing:

> You have to have strong fingers and whipcord nerves to be able to rip out of your drab prose, until it bleeds, those bits you happen to like most but which are needed least. It's like self-inflicted torture. Why did I get into this hellish writing business? I just don't understand it. I could have gone into agricultural machinery, like my father.

[The same sense of obsessive devotion to his craft emerges from the portrait of Babel in Konstantin Paustovsky's "Isaac Babel Talks About Writing," *The Nation,* March 31.]

The main reason Babel wrote so little, stopped altogether, is that silence was always intrinsic to his method of creation and at last simply overwhelmed it. He would sit for days on end, squeezing out a half a page, a quarter of a page, and then tearing it up. One story, "Lyubka the Cossack," was rewritten twenty-six times. A lifetime was spent in search of the perfect period, the full stop, in paring away as much descriptive material as possible. "If ever I write my autobiography," he tells his interviewer, "I'll call it *The Story of an Adjective.*" At one point he even speaks of words as a kind of disease, an infestation of parasites:

> It's wrong to think that talent for writing is a matter of being able to rhyme or think up abstruse, startling epithets and metaphors. That used to be my trouble, and I still have to squash these metaphors in what I write, just as some not very clean people squash the vermin they find on themselves.

In a sense, Babel was the greatest editor who ever lived. And in that capacity he even refused to call his own work writing.

> Babel always spoke with contempt about wordiness. Any unnecessary word in a piece of prose made him feel outright physical disgust. He crossed out unneeded words with such fury that his pencil tore the paper. He hardly ever said "I am writing," but rather, "I am composing."

A NOTE TO MORNING

No one knows when beaches began
mouthing the sea,
their surface the smooth, wet
inside of lips.

In low tide
docks ride high on the sand
and dogs are careful.
The morning fog
brings strange birds to pick
where kelp tried to follow the water.

The beach is naked then
(naked as my trail here
I meant to say,
but that's half a lie)
When the moon's lode
rocks the sea to madness,
it can toss docks high as birds
and vomit dogs like spittle.

There was no death when beaches began.
only the quiet dying.

TERRY MOSER

The sum of such reduction must be zero, and the portrait of such an artist must inevitably resemble that which Munblit paints from memory: Babel sitting firmly upon a battered trunk, inside of which his manuscripts moldered, safe from "prying eyes," brought out "only to correct a line or a word, after which the yellowing pages were put back, doomed to lie there undisturbed for many long months, if not years, to come."

Babel made at least one attempt to escape the agony of this arithmetic. "One should write novels," he told Munblit with a kind of bitter facetiousness, "long novels in installments, and turn them out quickly, easily and efficiently." "The Jewess," the longest story in this book (at 15 pages the longest Babel ever wrote), is his attempt to follow that advice. It is a disaster, a weary saga full of padding and cluttered with details, redolent with sentimentality ("I must keep something from sixty years of my life besides the ashes in my heart and the tears"), wholly dependent upon redundant abstractions ("Boris held passionately, even morbidly, to the *spirit of comradeship* and *the honor of the group.* It was perhaps because his people had for so long been denied one of the *finest of human feelings*—that of *comradeship in the field* of battle—that Boris felt such a *hunger for friendship,* a need to defend comrades and *display loyalty* to them"), and devoid of the irony, the compression, the irrationality, the *weirdness* of Babel at his best. Nathalie Babel, who does not understand her father's work, remarks that with "The Jewess" Babel "finally achieves the 'objectivity' for which he had always striven," and goes on to ask, "Why did Babel leave 'The Jewess' unfinished? Why did he abandon a work that shows such mastery of craft, originality of conception, and a development toward a different view of the world?" Babel gives the answer—though it is obvious enough from the story itself—in the interview at the back of the book.

> Let me tell you a secret. I have wasted several years trying, with due regard to my own tastes, to write lengthily, with a lot of detail and philosophy—striving for the sort of truth I have been talking about. It didn't work out with me.

The ellipses at the end of "The Jewess," the three dots, the years that came to stand between all Babel's work, do not, then, represent a response to pressure from without, the state, the revolution, but are a sign that Babel realized he was doomed, as he put it, to five minutes of reality at a time—or four, or three, and finally nothing.

Most of the twenty-five stories in this book, with two or three exceptions, are quite worthless—scraps from a diary, youthful sketches that were later transformed into more complex and successful works, exercises in translation and editing, false starts and abandoned manuscripts, straightforward journalism full of unlikely moralizing, experiments that went awry, and now and then simply a bad story that Babel himself discarded and hoped never to see again. To impose such things upon a writer, an *artist,* as excruciatingly self-conscious and selective as Babel is very nearly a criminal act. (So was publishing his entirely unedifying letters in *The Lonely Years,* another effort of Miss Babel's.) But there *are* the exceptions—the story "Sunset," for example, in which Benya Krik, soon to be the king in the wonderful Odessa series, plots to kill his father and take over the business. There are no tears and ashes in the heart of Benya's mother; instead, she confronts her family and rolls on the ground:

> "Mendel Krik and my sons, my bastards. What have you done to me, my bastards, what have you done with the hair on my head, what have you done with my poor old body, where are they, my teeth? Where is my youth?"
>
> The old woman howled, tried to tear her nightshirt from her back, and, getting to her feet, began to turn round and round on the spot, like a dog trying to bite its tail. She scratched her sons' faces, kissed them, and dug her nails into their cheeks.

And there is the heretofore unpublished title story, "You Must Know

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Everything," the first Babel wrote. In it, a young Jewish schoolboy walks through the familiar streets of Odessa, remembering how he once looked in through the window of a girdle and corset shop. He arrives at his grandmother's apartment and has a wonderful traditional meal. Then—after a full day at school—he forces himself to study some more, after which he reads a few pages in Turgenev's "First Love" and becomes upset by a scene in which one of the characters is struck by a riding crop. Then, while the room grows progressively hotter and stuffier, he endures two more lessons, in music and Hebrew. It is night by the time they are over and in a neighboring apartment a woman starts to sing, "Why do I love you so much?" To the accompaniment of tea and the breathing of the old dog, Mimi, the boy's grandmother tells him grotesque stories of God's solicitude for Jews:

> "Go in peace," the rabbi said to him. "The government inspector will quiet down." The Jew went home. He found the inspector on the doorstep of his inn. He was lying there dead, with his belly all purple and swollen up.
>
> Grandmother fell silent. The samovar hummed away. The neighbor was still singing. Everything was covered with blinding moonlight. Mimi began to wag her tail—she was hungry.

Nothing further happens, except that the old woman falls to thinking of her dead husband and suddenly declares:

> Study! . . . Study and you will have everything—wealth and fame! You must know *everything*. The whole world will fall at your feet and grovel before you. Everybody must envy you. Do not trust people. Do not have friends. Do not lend them money. Do not give them your heart!

The maid breaks a saucer, the grandmother rages at her and dismisses her, and she and her grandson eat a late evening supper without exchanging a word.

This is yet another silence that works its way through Babel's writing, a profound stillness in which all the parts of the universe—a samovar, a song, moonlight, the slap of a hungry dog's tail—discover one another and, despite the greatest disorder and madness (a corset and girdle, the sting of a whip, senile temper, a swollen purple belly, bullets, finally, pumped into cavalrymen's brains) stay clinging, hushed.

Architecture in Mexico

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect teaching at Cambridge University, and is architecture critic of the New Statesman. *He is the author of* Lost New York *and is working on a new book with a Guggenheim Fellowship.*

I went to Mexico to see some modern architecture and to look at the sites of the pre-Spanish cultures. I also had the hope of generally sizing up a visual culture still pretty much national and in focus, unwhirled by the Laundromat of industrialization and urban predominance. When I lived in New York, Mexico wasn't for Europe-oriented me. It was the place where fancy friends would go for long weekends and short vacations in early spring. At the other end of a cheap flight was a country where you could get at half-price the goods available at Fred Leighton's in the Village: tin candelabra, clunky silver bracelets, goblets that looked as though they were blown from melted-down dirty Coca-Cola bottles. I thought Mexicans were gold-toothed hotheads like that bandit in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, or drunk, or lazy, or callous like *Los Olvidados*. That was before I saw it, and only some of it turned out to be right.

From England, Mexico seems to be neither the nearby source for craftsy bargains nor an extended Hollywood back lot. It looms in the imagination as the most exotic country in the world for myth seekers ready to generalize from appearances, and if T. E. Lawrence had other favorites, there were D. H. and Malcolm Lowry. I'm not sure which remote regions suck at the imaginations of other Europeans, though the French at least appear to find affinities in South America: Brazil and Peru. Mexico—locally it's a serious *gaffe* to classify it otherwise—is in North America (sometimes "Mesoamerica" to archaeologists), just beyond the frontiers of the English language, a colony *manqué* in English affections, starting at Sonora.

Certainly this applies to Mexico City, as North American a place (visually) as there could be. The tall buildings in the center of the vast urban area look like those on Manhattan's West Side, and some of the suburbs, like the Pedregal Gardens district, match Beverly Hills wealth for wealth, and folly for architectural folly. Except that in Mexico the stupefying exhibition of idiosyncratic personal pelf is modified by the walled enclosures of Spanish tradition. The characteristic element to be seen in Pedregal Gardens is the wall. Even where materials garishly change every 100 feet, these walls produce altogether a well-mannered public exterior lining the streets and also contribute to a suburban concentration possible only through enclosed privacy. The display of wealth being paraded in suburbs like this came to me as a shock, but one learns that Mexico is among the ten or dozen richest countries in the world, another thing making it more like the United States and Europe than like its southern neighbors.

Even after the building boom encouraged by the 1968 Olympics, the hotel situation remains tough in Mexico City during the big tourist months of February and March, though it is hard to believe this is true when you look around at the quinity of super-luxury hotels. The city remains better equipped for Grand Tourism than for mass tourism. The airport tips you off when you arrive—it is an overworked terminal dating from a less crowded past, now becoming dirty and souvenir-crazy. What the Olympics has mainly led to in the way of public improvement is what Expos and other such affairs usually contribute: a few sleek highways out to the activity's site, an impetus for posh new transient accommodation, a city "beautification" program, and a collection of leftover buildings to be adapted afterward. Now Mexico at least has some useful stadiums, with an attractive one just across from the university. The "Olympic village" has been converted to public housing. The excellent Olympics graphics remain on view all over the place.

A noteworthy national resource exploited for a change during the Olympics was the virtuoso ability of Luis

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WORDS OUT OF DARKNESS

(for Nelly Sachs—Nobel Prize Recipient, 1966)

When the packed cattle cars
stank into Belsen and Dachau,
she fled to Sweden with

nothing left but language.
All the children whose hair
would never again need

to be brushed, all the men
whose tongues had licked up
latrine flies,

all the women whose wombs
had been filled with experiment
never left her thought.

The flesh of prophets
tore on the barbed wire
fences; wings of angels

were gnawed by hungry rats.
Solomon kept a journal in the attic
of Anne Frank.

Distance is more terrible than
presence. Horror the mind envisions
copulates with sleeplessness.

In Sweden Yahweh burned like snow.

SISTER MAURA

TATTOO

(for Leonard Quirino)

I had forgotten
the butterfly
that lights up
your skin,
spread out in
a bright stain
of wings.

"It's my soul," you said,
and I believe it.
Now
it is obvious.
But you knew first
and had to remind me.

The soul,
a brave little carnival
right there
on your arm.

NANCY SULLIVAN

SEA HORSES

The mottled swimming hordes,
Profiles and lidless eyes,
Circle aquarium walls,
As though mere fin and tail
Defined all motion.

Only the sea horse, perpendicular,
Erects his Gothic stance,
Turns in a slow periphery
His claim for starkness,
The acid edge of cliff and crag.

FLORA J. ARNSTEIN

TO RIPEN

(Translated from the French by Anthony Rudolf)

The sky pulls me too hard
out of here

I wander
through the street of the earth
which sweats and shines

its tyranny

fruit

the sparks from the cold and heavy page

the wind will not allow me to die

ANDRE DU BOUCHET

GOOSE ISLAND

A napkin tumbles through a bed
of dried-up daisys like a yellow ghost
or a summer poem, bouncing
from briar to bittersweet to birch.
Given enough time, the wind takes everything,
drives it into the marsh where papers hang
like flags from grass and scrubby trees.
They'll be captured in the spring by
park attendants, if their schedule
and the truck allow them that mobility.
Hosed and on their backs, the picnic tables
rest like cross-kneed, stiff green beasts,
tickled to death or into hibernation by the leaves.

Here, we don't need an Ishmael to drive us waterward,
we drift like a slow herd outflanked by wind,
as if in search of what all these tossed containers once contained,
until the whole family is stopped at the slough's edge,
left with skim ice, the waterbirds, or what beavers
salvage from the state to live within.

Like scouts grown keen-eyed in the autumn light,
we shout to flush our food from sanctuary,
and as three white forms thrash their wings to rise,
feel our slow natures taken by their need.

JOHN JUDSON

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Barragán, whom I have come to regard as Mexico's finest architect. For most of his long life he has been a cranky loner: a designer for a few of the rich or a consultant to other architects on gardens, walled courts or fountains—these being Barragán specialties (Louis Kahn got him to design the central terrace for Kahn's Salk Institute in La Jolla). The sparsity of Barragán's work is partly explained by his preference for connoisseur clients, which is a pardonable outcome of the social role of architects in Mexico. (They enjoy the high professional standing of MDs in the United States and lawyers in Spain. The University of Mexico architecture school is colossal, to train thousands, though only a small proportion ever practices. For most, architectural degrees are top credentials in society, politics, business or scholarship.)

Barragán was one of the architects who worked on the sprawling, usually overpraised university campus, but some of his most characteristic designs were for the French Riding School in the Las Arboledas suburb several years ago, and his recent project for the nearby stables and house of Mr. and Mrs. Folke Egerstrom. The Riding School is a big landscape with details—a series of walls, fenced enclosures, watering troughs, fountains and pools, all around and through an immense double avenue of eucalyptus trees. Something as simple as a mounting block becomes an elegant marker along the heroically scaled riding trail, though materials still remain simple.

Barragán's design kit is made up of log sections, stucco walls painted pink, vermilion and yellow, and concrete slabs poised over sheer wall planes. Water often bubbles or pours over the walls in sheets, or lies in vast dark rectangular pools. It's all on the scale of the horse, to be seen from 10 feet up and at a canter. The Egerstrom *rancho* began a few years ago with one of the neatest stables anywhere, beautifully detailed box stalls in a long building covered by a low sloping roof. The stable wing also makes a covered entrance to the compound where horses exercise within an enclosure surrounded by a looming pink wall, an orange one, and a great flat pool fed by water pumped through one of the walls. Dark thoroughbreds look even more marvelous as they are walked around the courtyard. The house with swimming pool continues beyond with the shameless *haut bourgeois* values that Barragán doesn't mind laying on as thick as he wants. But his design is a perfect response to the climate, the culture and the environment, as well as to the money.

Las Arboledas is near Pedregal Gardens. The whole suburban district bears Barragán's marks, because he once started to plan the subdivision of land in detail. As it is, the garden he built for himself remains (though he now lives elsewhere): great black lava boulders in concrete terraces with wild vegetation (magnificent lines of branches) growing out of them, all played against the delicacy of a white, thin-membered tall iron fence. The highway from the center of town branches off to Pedregal with an interchange the old man designed, and using the simplest means—boulders set in the concrete shoulders like nougat candy, crisp earth forms—it is breathtakingly better than the other highway exits.

Back closer to the city, Barragán, before the Olympics, was consultant for some monuments on traffic islands. The one on the Pedregal Gardens road is a set of towering concrete prisms of various heights, painted orange or yellow like a magic city along the nebulous highway. Small plots in Pedregal Gardens (no more than about a third of an acre each) were made by Barragán into great rectangular basins of water with sluices gushing down into them from brightly painted planar slabs of concrete above. For public works, each of these projects is really very modest in size and cost, yet they have in common a surprising visual importance that comes from using natural elements such as the native stone (*pedregal* means lava), and elementary geometrical forms in contrasting juxtaposition to one another. This suggests a scale larger than life size. Man-made surfaces are often simplified, denatured, with stucco or paint or both, and the colors—characteristically Mexican of course—make a finish which is effective and cheap (though the paint jobs to be seen now, mostly ten years after completion, need to be renewed). One simple wall in Las Arboledas at a street intersection, about 10 feet high and 100 yards long, breaks only once, vertically, as it drops out of sight over the hill. The uniformity of the stucco finish gives it an incredible kind of minimal art presence (but it's not a trendy conception, this was designed years ago).

In these days the personal style of Luis Barragán can be seen more easily than formerly because it is everywhere at the new Camino Real Hotel near the center of Mexico City, though how much of the Barragánesque was the result of a fee-paying consultation and how much was a faithful imitation by disciples is, as usual with him, unclear. The hotel's architect of record is Ricardo Legorreta, interiors were by Knoll International; Luis Barragán is listed as consultant for "landscaping and art." Still, considering Legorreta's other hotel work (the nearby Alameda) and what I know of Knoll's facile stylistic adaptability, I think Barragán deserves credit for the spirit of the place. Our stay at the Camino Real was fortuitous, since the room shortage meant we had to book at a place much more expensive than we had planned. Though the guest rooms had been rushed to completion for the Olympics, some of the ten different restaurants and night clubs were still being decorated. Completely finished or not, it was about the best commercial hotel we'd seen, though the old designation "commercial" may not mean much any more since many rooms run about $35 a day for a double, and a lot of recreation facilities in the open spaces of the courtyard plan make it more of a resort hotel. The furnishing and decoration of rooms and passageways is expensive and good but the public spaces—lobbies and courtyards—are what show the Barragán hand. The hotel main entrance is an opening in a perforated street wall. Inside, cars turn round a large pentagonal courtyard paved with white stone. A fountain in the middle sprays a column of mist by day; for contrast at night there isn't a pillar of fire but a watery difference: wave action like the ocean, surging noisily in the fountain's hemispherical marble bowl.

One side of this crisp space marked by white light and the sound of water is a glass wall, with the relatively dark lobby behind. The side you enter is not a side at all; it's an open slot, or rather an open room without a front wall. A bright green carpet that must be a quarter of an acre in area runs right down to the curb where the limousines stop. Above is a concrete slab roof the same size as the carpet, without a column or

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a beam for support over the vast two-way span—just that flat plane of concrete. A line of square concrete stumps is the only "furniture," holding lights for the back wall; this enclosed croquet field of carpet is where bags get set down and guests gather to embark on tours. Beyond come the real doors to the real lobby, a two-story space with another vast ceiling unbroken by structure. Then the public spaces go on and on up giant staircases, around corners, through courtyards and past interior shops. This is the Camino Real's sprawling "royal road" and its terms of invention are those of the public areas in Pedregal Gardens: plaster finishes painted solid bright colors on top of homely building materials; impressive contrasts of space; ingenious expansions of apparent size. The courtyard gardens have groves of huge transplanted trees in them. When large trees are transplanted some branches must be cut to allow for the loss of roots that have to be left behind. Normally this is done by thinning, with careful tree surgery designed to make the trees look the same as in nature; but Barragán's gardens seem always to be explicit about nature in the service of man. His branches are lopped straight across, and the trees become personal sculptures.

Despite all his fancy clients and rich man's aesthetics, the influence of Barragán will probably become more and more valuable to Mexico as it somewhat accidentally bleeds into the culture at large. Of more direct sociological importance —or anyway, of more obvious and accessible public significance—is Mexico City's building of the National Museum of Anthropology, completed in 1964. I was keen to see the museum itself as well as the collections, because the architecture had been praised highly. However, the praise had largely come from laymen.

To start to understand the museum's unsubtle display of richness and opulence, let alone its scale (44,000 square meters indoors; 35,700 square meters outdoors—besides car parking and gardens), you must contemplate Mexico's "heritage," as guidebooks say. Archaeologists have unearthed native Mexico back to the earliest farming societies. There used to be scores of cultures, changing slowly and mostly independently of one another; there were dozens of languages. An incredible profusion of artifacts has been uncovered, mostly only since 1865, and despite gross looting and exporting, the archaeological riches have hardly been scratched. A systematic program of investigation since 1938 suggests that there are at least 13,000 mappable settlement sites perhaps worth a look, so the discoveries, vast as they are, will become vaster. Faced with all this, the government had didactic reasons for placing materials from early cultures on display, beyond the usual scholarly and artistic ones. It was a matter of public social education. Many Mexicans are still Indians literally—for example the Mayan language, incredibly, lives on in Merida, capital of Yucatan; there are also calendar seers who still interpret for interested parties the 260-day count of the ancient Calendar Round. So a big objective was, as the mangled English of the handout on the Anthropological Museum puts it, "to make studies and urgent acquisitions in virtue that the progress of the country, drives more and more the native groups to a fundamental change in his original characteristics of life."

If those words mean what I think, the extravagance—indeed, the vulgarity —of the museum may be justified at least according to the narrow requirements of public propaganda. The museum is undoubtedly intended to be a means of flattering provincials and making them proud to join up with the rest of the Mexican Great Society. Attendance records do suggest that this is happening, so, as with the thick surface of "culture" literally laid onto the exteriors of buildings at the University of Mexico, maybe the trustees know best. Certainly the basic decision at the National Museum of Anthropology, the one that kept it from being a mere art museum with a lot of dubious, patronizing and changing aesthetic distinctions to be drawn from the contents, was correct—the displays are anthropological, which is to say scientific, and things are classified rather than ranked or rated. I wish New York did the same with the collections there of "pre-Columbian art."

The trouble at the Mexico museum comes from the fact that it's always folly to play up some old culture with a supposedly sympathetic modern architectural counterpart. Here not only does this swamp the museum's priceless artifacts in a tacky environment whose intention is all too well-meaning and obvious; but the look-alike forms and materials even confuse objects with their backgrounds in display spaces that are necessarily crowded to begin with. The result is that the displays are very bad because the architecture tried to make objects more wonderful than they already are. The exhibits conflict, upstage one another, and are horribly lit. A big outdoor courtyard serves as a convenient area of circulation dispersal for the various sections of the museum, but even this unprepossessing idea is ruined with a mind-boggling piece of structural exhibitionism—a vast canopy supported by a single column, which spouts water *and* is covered with bronze reliefs.

The Mexican countryside, with its volcanoes, deserts, strange foothills and dense jungles, is all but unbelievable, and as we drove through it circumstances were always reminding us that we weren't to believe our eyes—kids holding up snared iguanas by their tails for sale along the roadside, small ruined chapels with tall fronts cut out as if by cannon balls for vanished bells, easily recognizable marijuana plants growing wild everywhere. It is clear from appearances that the 1910-36 revolution was fought between the forces of Coca-Cola and the armies of Pepsi-Cola. Whole villages and towns still declare allegiance to one or the other. Sometimes one leaves a Pepsi village to read "Coca-Cola" painted in large letters on the guerrilla-occupied hill just opposite. Presumably the war goes on, with 7-Up an anarchist faction having a toehold here and there.

We stayed mostly at cheap hotels, we mostly ate at wonderful ones like the Hacienda Vista Hermosa between Mexico City and Taxco, and resolved to return to stay. Then we attempted thorough coverage of southern Mexico in a limited number of days. As a result we discovered that we had elected to fly in planes of a sort that made even my disgust with BOAC and hatred of TWA take a back seat (as it were) to the by now almost *recherché* emotional perils of twin-engine flying on obscure internal carriers. One day some Ralph Nader of the airlines will expose the hazards of the equipment being used on Mexican hops, and when that happens tourists will be forced to return to the ground, to the savannas and the forests. We flew over them instead to get to Oaxaca and Merida, in order to see those cities, and also the ruins of Monte Albán, Mitla, Chichen Itzá and Uxmal. We had motored earlier to the pyramids of Teotihuacán from Mexico City, and we never visited Palenque at all, since it lies some distance from Merida and is most easily accessible only by short-runway plane.

One soon gets a feeling for archaeological sites. We regretted missing Palenque later when tourists with better tans than ours reported about it. As a Mayan settlement it isn't supposed to be as good as Chichen Itzá or Uxmal, but those two are in flat savanna country (Chichen Itzá in a well-manicured park), while Palenque emerges peeping from the thick undergrowth, allegedly a thrilling sight. This probably exposes the Grand Tour mentality we all shared on those juddering planes: not how excellent (beautiful, etc.) was this place, but how wildly ruined? How remote? It explains also, perhaps, the real nature of the popularity of Angkor Wat and the hot tourism to Machu Picchu, which is a third-rate Inca settlement but a marvel of the picturesque. To state my opinions in these superficial terms, I came to admire Uxmal and Teotihuacán for their

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architecture, and Chichen Itzá for its extent.

Besides their looks, two things impressed me about Mesoamerican settlements. One was that, unlike the Incas, the main Mexican cultures did develop written languages; this gives *norteamericanos* a leg up on the score for attributes of civilization. On the other hand the Maya, at least, never developed true cities; those so called are apparently loosely called—they were elite centers, rather, with their native populations scattered far into the hinterland. A leg down on the Maya civilization for not building cities, unless perhaps they should be credited instead with a very advanced Los Angeles-type urban structure. My main sources of information on the whole Mexican trip were a pair of the best general introductory books I have read, and the best guidebook I have used: *Mexico* and *The Maya* by Yale anthropologist Michael D. Coe (Praeger, $3.45 each) and *Terry's Guide to Mexico* by James Norman (Doubleday, $5.95). These proved to be thorough, scholarly and truly entertaining handbooks in their respective areas of competence. I only regret they didn't satisfy the dark suspicions we had that the extensive restorations the Mexican Government is now carrying out on the most popular archaeological sites are neither scientific reconstructions, nor show even sensitively intuitive guesswork about the original appearance of structures, the locations of steles, and so on. The archaeologists should have the support of people accustomed to using their eyes, and with a notion of how buildings are sited and made.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Arnold Schoenberg's visionary opera, *Moses und Aron*, is at once a statement about religion, politics and art, with the incompatability between Moses, prophet of an inconceivable, indescribable idea of God, and Aron, who interprets—and thereby distorts—that idea for the people of Israel, symbolically operative on at least these three levels. The musical embodiment of the Moses-Aron dichotomy begins with a basic textural concept—Moses as a low speaking voice, Aron a high singing voice—and continues down into the work's deepest structural levels. Basically a Wagnerian dramatic conception (the similarities to *Meistersinger*, also an opera about artistic communication, include a degree of parallelism between the first two acts that emphasizes the Hegelian thesis-anti-thesis structure), it is nevertheless set forth in some of the most original, imaginative and forceful music that Schoenberg ever composed. The writing for multiple choruses, both speaking and singing, still sounds original today: that it was composed in 1932 is remarkable.

In the nearly two decades that remained of his life, Schoenberg never succeeded in composing the music for his third-act libretto. In 1950, apropos a projected performance in Florence, he suggested that the third act (presenting the synthesis of the conflict) might be performed as spoken dialogue, or it might be omitted entirely. Since the 1954 concert performance in Hamburg (recorded on Columbia K4L-241), the opera has received five stage productions, of which those in Zurich, London and Boston chose for the two-act form. Scherchen's Berlin version and the 1968 Düsseldorf staging (which I heard in June at the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino) used the spoken version—but with musical accompaniment: in Berlin, a reprise of the opera's opening scene minus the solo parts; in Düsseldorf, Schoenberg's 1945 *Genesis Prelude* for orchestra and wordless chorus (I understand that the third act has been dropped from recent Berlin performances).

Obviously, there is reluctance to present the scene without any music at all; after what has preceded, the results would almost certainly be anticlimactic. However, the Berlin and Düsseldorf "completions" introduce serious musical problems, for what one hears from the orchestra pit is far from the synthesis implied by the words spoken on stage. The *Genesis Prelude*, in particular, is a complete irrelevancy; however superficially similar the musical idiom, a five-minute piece will not function effectively, in terms of musical time scale, as the conclusion to a two-hour opera. In practice, the second act finale has been generally accepted as presenting a satisfying and moving conclusion, rounding off the first two phases of the opera's dialectic and representing the conflict's fundamental insolubility. Unlike Berg's *Lulu*, there is not enough material extant on which to base any legitimate musical "completion" of the opera, and there is reason to believe that Schoenberg would have regarded his failure to complete the work as fated (he was a superstitious man) and would have preferred to be judged by the work as it stood.

With this said, there can be little but praise for the musical accomplishments of Günther Wich's Düsseldorf ensemble, which performed the work with the sort of security and familiarity that one expects to encounter in a standard repertory opera. It was as good a performance of the opera as any I have heard, as remarkable an achievement in its musical way as Sarah Caldwell's Boston production was on the visual side, demonstrating once and for all that the opera is effectively performable by a competent opera company. (The Deutsche Opera am Rhein serves both Düsseldorf and Duisburg, cities with a combined population less than that of Cleveland; there is a moral here, which I will leave for our cultural managers to deduce.)

Unfortunately, not as much can be said for the visual production, which returned to the kind of abstraction characteristic of the Zurich performances, eschewing the trend toward literal interpretation of Schoenberg's explicit (and explicitly composed out) stage directions for the *Dance Around the Golden Calf* evident in the London and Boston stagings. That the opera can make such an impression even when so statically presented—for the repetitive group gymnastics of the Düsseldorf ballet were nothing if not static in effect—speaks well for its dramatic power.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Since *Easy Rider* is the film that is said finally to separate the men from the boys—at a time when the generation gap has placed a stigma on being a man—I want to point out that those who make heroes of Wyatt and Billy (played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper) have a reasonably acrid dose to swallow at the start of the picture. Wyatt and Billy (names borrowed from the fumigated memory of the two outlaws of the Old West) make the bankroll on which they hope to

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live a life of easy-riding freedom by smuggling a considerable quantity of heroin across from Mexico and selling it to a nutty looking addict in a goon-chauffered Rolls Royce. Pulling off one big job and thereafter living in virtuous indolence is a fairly common dream of criminals, and dope peddling is a particularly unappetizing way of doing it. Is it thought O.K. on the other side of the gap, to buy freedom at that price? If so, grooving youth has a wealth of conscience to spend.

Clearly the makers of the film think it O.K., and they are Fonda, Hopper and Terry Southern, the very knowing, if no longer very young, trio who in various combinations wrote, directed and produced. Wyatt and Billy are presented as attractive and enviable; gentle, courteous, peaceable, sliding through the heroic Western landscape on their luxurious touring motorcycles (with the swag hidden in one of the gas tanks). It is true that they come to a bloody end, gunned down by a couple of Southern rednecks for their long hair. But it is not retribution; indeed, they might have passed safely if the cretins in the pickup truck had realized that they were big traders on holiday.

And another question I would like to shout across the gap is why, if these two are so freely doing their thing, they are so morose about it. They seem crushed speechless by melancholy, and though I understand that taciturnity is the preferred style—each initiate being absorbed in his private secretions—I noticed that Wyatt and Billy came at least wanly to life when they picked up a rebellious and alcoholic young lawyer in a crossroads town (Jack Nicholson). His imagination, wit, curiosity and love of life seem effervescent (and he is only the rich-boy drunk of a very small town) by contrast with the flat impassivity of the others.

It is true that every night over their campfire Wyatt and Billy smoke pot, achieving thus a sudden irrational loquacity, accompanied by inane giggles. They pity friend George for his addicition to booze. But, so the script goes by these knowing men, when George is sober he is wide awake; when the other two are not high they are merely low, if indeed not half asleep. It may only be coincidence, and marijuana may yet be recognized as the cure for what ails us all, but the demeanor of Wyatt and Billy does not seem to prove the point.

I should say something of the picture. It is a beautiful evocation of America as a ribbon of road through magic lands. The scene unreels like a silky, hypnotic dream, because the odd effect of the strident rock and roll that blares from the sound track is to make the action seem wrapped in eerie silence. And the two men look like fair warning, outriders of apocalypse, as they glide past in their schizoid costumes (one dresses to hide oneself in fantasy) on their indolently powerful mantis-like bikes.

There is a beautifully sustained episode of suspended animation at a hippie commune, where again the air is gentled by pot, all human relationships seem easy and entertainers of abysmal incompetence absorb the benevolence of the chemically pleased. The tragedy is that these young have escaped from something genuinely destructive into something that is only an illusion of new birth. Americans are forever bruising themselves on utopia; now it is the turn of the flower children.

Once it reaches its destination, New Orleans, the picture falters, losing its momentum in a sequence of innocent larking with a pair of girls from the town's finest bordello that suggests the film makers know more about motorcycle vagrancy than they do about the customs and manners of prostitution. There is also another of those strobe-and-free-association passages that attempt to approximate the subjective effects of LSD and succeed only in producing headaches.

And then follows quickly the concluding outburst of hate, really a repetition, since drunken George had died earlier in an encounter with the locals. The hate is that of Fonda, Hopper and Southern; they hate the element in American life that tries to destroy anyone who fails to conform, who demands to ride free. And it is quite right that they should. But Wyatt and Billy are more rigidly conformist, their life more narrowly obsessive than that of any broker's clerk on the nine to five. The ads say they went looking for America and never found it, but what they really went looking for was freedom, and of course they never found it. Which is what *Easy Rider* seems to mean on my side of the generation gap. But I would rather know what it means to those on the other side, who stand in block-long lines all day and all night to see Wyatt and Billy, those cosmetic derivations from American myth.

It was hard to get a grip on *Putney Swope* until it occurred to me that Robert Downey, its author and director, is an admiring student of the Marx Brothers. The film is a compilation of visual and verbal gags, strung together for the purposes of lampooning entrenched respectability, flouting convention, upending pomposity and thus providing merriment. Situations and characters are introduced, less because they augment the story than because they are thought to be intrinsically funny (which they may or may not be, as the humor strikes you). There is no reason why a minor character should contribute a jabberwocky monologue while seated on the toilet, and there is no reason why the President of the United States should be presented as a midget (on second thought, though the President is scarcely necessary to the film, his stature may be relevant). This willingness to interrupt the show for what look like ad lib inventions—and the tendency to repeat a device that seems to work—produces some bumps in the general bounciness, but the pace is so fast that one rarely suffers much from loss of momentum.

All that is standard comment for the Marx Brothers, and beyond it Arnold Johnson, who plays the title role, has the voice, an approximation of the lope and very much the lethal dead pan of Groucho. Johnson is black, whereas the Marxes were Jewish, but even so the parallel holds—the outsider gets his kicks by preying on the relatively slow metabolism of the ruling squares.

What is not at all the same, of course, is the times, which is why it took me a while to realize that I was watching a legitimate descendent of *The Coconuts* and *Horsefeathers*. The Marx Brothers flourished when the bases of American society were assumed to be so sound that its chicaneries and foibles were fair game for burlesque. Their stock in trade was peccadilloes. Johnson's Swope is dealing with the degeneration of affluence into commercial whoring and with the militant racial confrontation. You expect a movie on such themes to proclaim the word—and the basic joke of *Putney Swope*, perhaps, is that it does not.

What it does instead is brandish the slapstick with an evenhanded disregard for color. Swope is pretty well free of pigmented bias because he has pretty well given up on the whole human race. He takes over a moribund advertising agency, rededicates it to truth and soul, hires brothers in eccentric garb to work for him (his own garb fits his moods, which are always violent) and turns out TV commercials (these in color) that mock the sanctity of maidenhood and the verities of the market. He is deftly lecherous (his followers are lecherous, but hardly deft), and unimpeded by scruples. He does suffer the illusion that his staff would rebel if he took on advertising for cigarettes, booze or war. When that proves not so, he scrams—taking a pot of money with him and leaving the agency in disarray and the audience exhausted.

This just might be therapy disguised in motley. The derisive disgust of Putney Swope, expressed in monosyllabic obscenity on occasions when custom demands emollient cant, is broad-based enough to imply that racial hangups are a wasteful diversion at a time when all the boys and girls are up to their knees in the garbage of a stalled domocracy. No doubt, Swope would have a crisp word for that moral, but then he's much tougher than I am.

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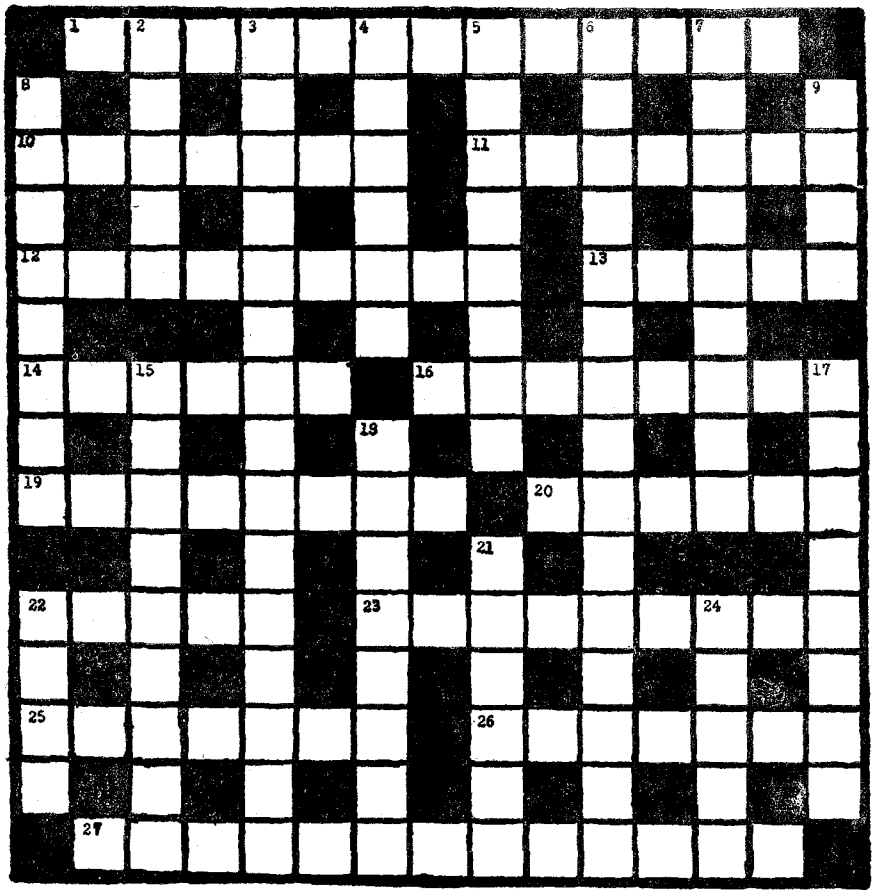
Crossword Puzzle No. 1308

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A little horse trading on Wall Street? (5,8)
10 I have to state shortly how to operate in secret. (7)
11 He'd sell mixed nuts may be! (7)
12 Marked adherence to the unusual. (9)
13 Not much capacity in small quarters! (5)
14 By the sound of it compare one of the compound plants. (6)
16 One might find this appealing. (8)
19 Dis-hinge those of which one might be tender? (8)
20 Returns to pry around a show. (6)
22 They used to cry so before pillaging! (5)
23 One might with one, if properly suited. (5,4)
25 Keep back! The aggressive type are commonly so loaded! (7)
26 Conducts the wrong score a little way back. (7)
27 Such get-togethers as Uncle Ari's sons might organize! (5,8)

DOWN

2 Part of the joint comes up with what some acrobats use. (5)
3 Fair game for Mao's watchmen, perhaps. (7,8)
4 Watch the cover! For good sleeping, one would expect it to be down. (6)
5 One would have expected the British to properly hang such a window! (8)
6 Americans wouldn't be without him! (7,8)
7 Startle by possibly putting on a special coat? (9)
8 Modified the effect of a painting so that even the lowest types appeared wounded? (8)
9 Sounds like what the summer might do to a number in the entrance. (4)
15 Now Kennedy should get to make a statement in one type of zone! (9)
17 One of the most valuable grains? (4,4)
18 One who makes capital, perhaps. (8)
21 Office furniture? (6)
22 A fit of resentment offered by a wolfish threat? (4)
24 Pinafore, perhaps, as part of the stage.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1307

ACROSS: 1 Skyscraper; 6 and 1 down Wind sock; 10 Courage; 11 Whatnot; 12 Egyptian; 13 Cabin; 15 Orris; 17 Absorbent; 19 Appraised; 21 Tuber; 24 Watchman; 27 Humerus; 28 Verbena; 29 None; 30 Pessimists. DOWN: 2 Younger; 3 Champ; 4 Americans; 5 and 25 Edwin Drood; 7 Ignoble; 8 Detonators; 9 Baccarat; 14 Now and then; 16 and 22 Standard bearer; 18 Sedatives; 20 Prop man; 24 Waste; 25 Harem; 26 Lass.

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